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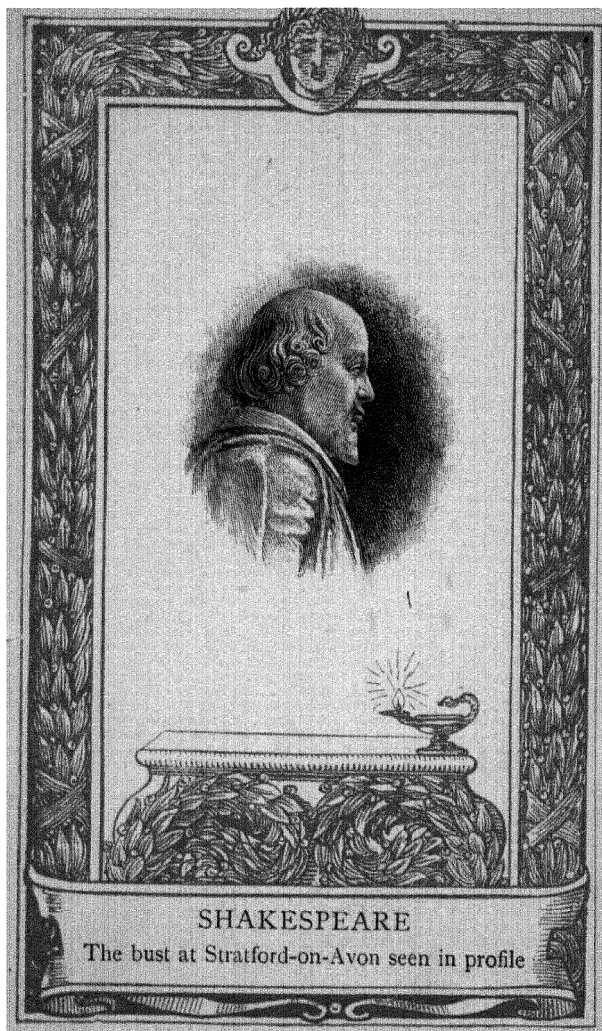
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THE COMPLETE WORKS

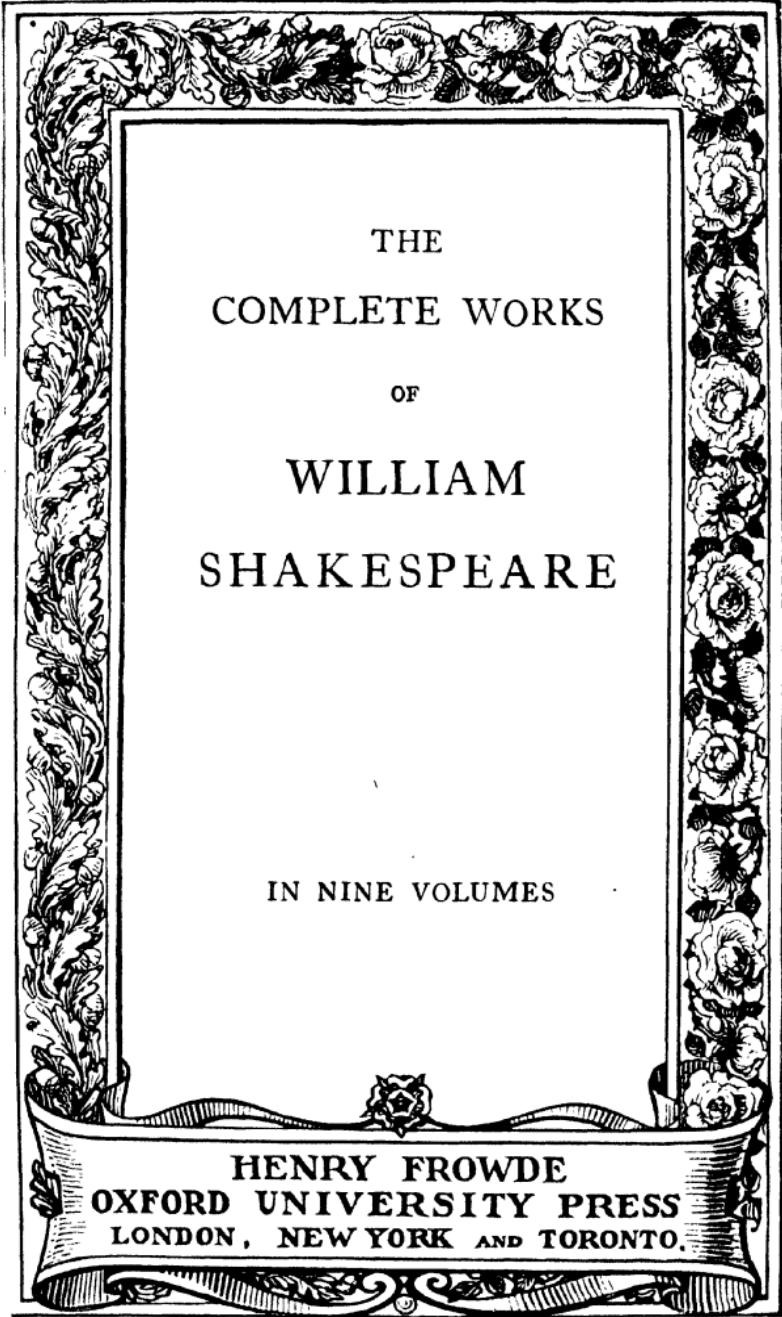
OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—V



SHAKESPEARE

The bust at Stratford-on-Avon seen in profile

A decorative border of roses and leaves surrounds the central text.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

IN NINE VOLUMES

A decorative banner with a ribbon-like border containing the publisher's information.

HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, NEW YORK AND TORONTO.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION BY
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

INTRODUCTORY STUDIES OF THE SEVERAL PLAYS BY
EDWARD DOWDEN

AND A NOTE BY
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

UPON THE SPECIAL TYPOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF THIS EDITION

IN NINE VOLUMES

VOL. V

KING HENRY THE FIFTH
KING HENRY THE SIXTH, PARTS I, II, AND III

HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, NEW YORK, TORONTO AND MELBOURNE

1911

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**THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE FIFTH**

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

INTRODUCTION

IN the Epilogue to the Second Part of *King Henry IV* Shakespeare promised the spectators of his play a continuation which should deal with the ensuing reign, and should, like *Henry IV*, make history mirthful with comedy: 'If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions.' According to tradition, Queen Elizabeth required that Falstaff should be presented as a lover, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was hastily written. Some critics, and not without reasons of weight, believe that the *Merry Wives* followed *Henry V* in the chronological order of Shakespeare's plays. Such may be the fact. But the absence of Falstaff from the present play—except as he appears indirectly in the narration of his death—seems to be most easily explained if we suppose that *The Merry Wives* was slipped in by royal command between *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, and that Shakespeare now really believing that he might 'cloy' his spectators with 'fat meat', resolved to dismiss his great jester from earth to 'Arthur's bosom'.

The date of *Henry V* can be determined with unusual accuracy. It is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598. The Earl of Essex, accompanied by Shakespeare's early patron the Earl of Southampton, set forth on his expedition to Ireland on March 27, 1599; towards the close of September of that year

he returned. The chorus to the fifth Act of the present play was obviously pronounced after the former and before the latter of these dates :—

Were now the general of our gracious empress,—
As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him !

As is well known, Essex returned, not ‘ bringing rebellion broached on his sword ’, but himself to perish before long on the charge of rebellion. The poet’s unfulfilled prophecy remains, and is decisive as to the date of the production of the play. We need not raise a question as to whether ‘ this wooden O ’ of the opening chorus can refer to the Globe Theatre or not, with evidence so precise as this.

An entry in the Stationers’ Register of August 4, 1600, names ‘ Henry the fift, a booke ’, as ‘ to be staied ’. Shakespeare and the other members of his dramatic company may have been unwilling that a play which drew audiences to their theatre should be accessible in a printed form. Perhaps the ‘ stay ’ came too late. It is certain that in 1600—but in what month of that year we cannot say—the first quarto was published : *The Cronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll*. A second quarto appeared two years later ; a third is dated 1608, but the date is suspected, and may possibly have been in fact 1619. The text as we read it in the present edition is substantially that of the folio of 1623.

What is the relation of the quarto text to the folio ? It was argued long since that the quarto represents Shakespeare’s first sketch or earlier draft of the play. The argument and its conclusion may with confidence be dismissed to the wide Shakespearean limbo of vanities. Mr. Daniel and other scholars have shown conclusively that portions of the folio text omitted from the quarto are yet there referred to in passages

retained. or are required to make fully intelligible certain lines and phrasings of the quarto. The number of lines in the quarto is less than half of those which make up the folio text; the prologues, the epilogue, and three entire scenes are absent; several of the dramatis personae are wanting. There can be no reasonable doubt that the quarto text was obtained surreptitiously from a version of the play which had been shortened for some special occasion or occasions, possibly at the court.

The sources from which Shakespeare drew materials or suggestions for his play were two—Holinshed's *Chronicle*, and the old play, which had been of some service to him in writing *Henry IV—The Famous Victories of Henry the fifth: containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court* (see Introduction to *I Henry IV*). The *Chronicle* supplied a large body of substantial matter, which was animated and developed by Shakespeare's imagination. From *The Famous Victories* only hints were derived to be freely worked out or varied at will. Thus the suggestion for Henry's wooing of Katharine comes not from Holinshed but from *The Famous Victories*. The reader who has not the old play at hand may be glad to compare Shakespeare's treatment of the courtship, where his chief obligation lies, with that of his predecessor:—

Hen. 5. How now faire Ladie, Katheren of France,
What newes ?

Kathren. And it please your Majestie,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of
these

Unreasonable demands which you require :

Hen. 5. Now trust me Kate,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner have made me
debate it

If it were possible :

But tell me sweete Kate, canst thou tell how to love ?

Kate. I cannot hate my good Lord,

Therefore far unfit were it for me to love.

Hen. 5. Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou love the King of England ?

I cannot do as these Countries [Counties ?] do,
That spend half their time in woing :

Tush wench, I am none such,

But wilt thou go over to England ?

Kate. I would to God, I had your Majestie,

As fast in love, as you have my father in warres,

I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,

Until you had related [rebated ?] all these unreasonable demands.

Hen. 5. Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not use me so

Hardly : But tell me, canst thou love the king of England ?

Kate. How should I love him, that hath dealt so hardly
With my father.

Hen. 5. But ile deale as easily with thee,

As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,

How saist thou, what will it be ?

Kate. If I were of my owne direction,

I could give you answer :

But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,

I must first know his will.

Hen. 5. But shal I have thy good wil in the mean season ?

Kate. Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,

I would be loth to put you in any dispaire.

Hen. 5. Now before God, it is a sweete wench.

She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.

Kat. I may thinke myself the happiest in the world,

That is beloved of the mightie King of England.

Hen. 5. Well Kate, are you at hoast with me ?

Sweet Kate, tel thy father from me,

That none in the world could sooner have persuaded me to

It then thou, and so tel thy father from me.

Kat. God keepe your Majestie in good health. *Exit Kat.*

It has been often said that the play is epical rather than dramatic, and that the epic passion finds an overflow in the choruses. 'We cannot,' wrote Furnivall, 'help noting the weakness of this play as a drama: a siege and a battle, with one bit of light love-making, cannot form a drama, whatever amount of rhetorical patriotic speeches and comic relief is introduced.'

The drama, it is true, is rather one presenting great actions than one occupied with the development or study of character. Shakespeare himself evidently felt that the resources of the Elizabethan theatre were inadequate for the exhibition of the great historical events, and he calls upon the spectators to supply with a generous imagination the defects of what was inadequately shown to their eyes. We seem to feel throughout many parts of the play a certain sense of strain and effort which attempts to overcome the limitations of the stage by outbreaks of a passionate rhetoric. Henry is essentially a man of action; but the grandeur of the action is dwarfed by the conditions of the theatre, and the imagination must be stimulated and inflamed by the ardour of gallant words. Among his kings of England Henry V is undoubtedly Shakespeare's ideal king; he is neither a traitor like John, a hectic sentimentalist like Richard II, a pseudo-saint like Henry VI, nor a strong, crafty, anxious usurper like his own father. He is more kingly than any of these, but his natural temper and his early life of youthful freedom and quick enjoyment have filled him with popular sympathies, which make him a comrade of his humblest fellow soldiers on the night before his triumph at Agincourt. He would have every part of his life soundly based; his claims on France must first be justified before he takes a step; traitors must be swiftly and terribly cast forth from his band of brave adventurers—and so Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey go to their doom; his popularity must be won not by such formal courtesies as gained his father a temporary success, but by true fellowship with his subjects; his wedded happiness must rest upon a plain, soldier's wooing; and under all else he must feel that God supports his cause. The criticism is too superfine or too shallow which styles Richard II a 'vessel of porcelain' and Henry V a 'vessel of clay'. The stuff which makes a Henry is rarer than that which makes a self-indulgent 'mockery king'. But it is true that Henry interests Shakespeare only or chiefly as a great

man of action. He has none of Hamlet's spiritual trouble, none of Hamlet's mystery of soul, none of Prospero's lofty spiritual wisdom and old experience. Shakespeare would have us take him for what he is—man's helper, God's soldier; and that is much. With full consciousness of his own power he remains modest. Like his father, Henry can be politic, but his policy moves upon a higher plane. In his wrath he can be terrible—'being incens'd, he's flint,' and sometimes he is carried away by passion into acts of violence or injustice. But, when free from the passing dangers of policy or passion, he is abundant in his humanity:—

A largess universal, like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one.

If he does not yield himself to the full joys of friendship or love, he has no unworthy favourites like Richard II, no dishonourable loves like Edward IV. Shakespeare could see beyond and above his Henry, but assuredly he honoured and even loved his patriot king.

The group of 'irregular humorists' in *Henry V* seems poor and shrunken after the corresponding group in *Henry IV*. Falstaff, as we learn from that admirable humorous and pathetic scene which tells of his death, is gone from among them, and how impoverished they appear! They are, as Hazlitt expressed it, satellites without a sun. Pistol, whose name is mentioned on the title-page of the Quarto, with his theatrical braggardism, entertained Elizabethan audiences; but has not a good deal of the Pistol caricature grown obsolete? The best character of the play, after King Henry himself, is surely the honest Welshman, Fluellen. His native valour is most pleasantly overlaid with what Shakespeare elsewhere styles the 'bookish theoric', and Macedon is as familiar to him as Monmouth. The Scotsman and the Irish captain seem to be introduced with no such political intention as Simpson imagined, but rather to throw out the figure of Henry's fellow countryman of Wales, for this was a play in which the leek must needs be honoured.

The part assigned to women in the play is small ; but it is the only one of the historical plays in which we do not hear the outcries and wailings of princesses or queens or noble ladies. Katharine and Queen Isabel have reason to be pleased at the close, for a wedding is in prospect. We cannot flatter ourselves that the hostess was inconsolable while relating with all due particularity the departure of Falstaff. The little actor who played the boy had, for a young performer, a proud part assigned him ; he is a parlous knave who sometimes assumes almost the part of a chorus, and has a shrewd insight into the military prowess of the three swashers, Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym. We cannot but fear that he perished when the French at Agincourt killed 'the poys and the luggage'—which, as Mr. Craig has said in a note of naïve tenderness, 'is a pity.'

The stage history of *Henry V* is not of peculiar interest. Aaron Hill's version of 1723—which introduces a former mistress of the king in male attire, Harriet, niece to Lord Scroop, who discovers her uncle's conspiracy—is deservedly forgotten. Edmund Kean played the part of Henry in 1830, when his powers had failed and his memory was defective. The later revivals of the play have been more remarkable for spectacular display than for the performances of the actors. In truth, for effectiveness in the theatre *King Henry V* does not take rank among Shakespeare's best pieces.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, }
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } Brothers to the King.

DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King.

DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the King.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY,
Officers in King Henry's Army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers in the Same.

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords.

MONTJOY, a French Herald.

Governor of Harfleur.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, Daughter to Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.

Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern, formerly Mistress Quickly,
and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Citizens,
Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE.—England ; afterwards France.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. O ! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention ;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene. 4
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all, 8
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object : can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram 12
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million ; 16
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder :
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts :
Into a thousand parts divide one man, 24
And make imaginary puissance ;
Think when we talk of horses that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings, 28
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,

Admit me Chorus to this history ; 32
 Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Antechamber in the KING'S Palace.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP
 OF ELY.

CANTERBURY. My lord, I'll tell you ; that self bill is
 urg'd,
 Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time 4
 Did push it out of further question.

ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?

CANTERBURY. It must be thought on. If it pass
 against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession ; 8
 For all the temporal lands which men devout
 By testament have given to the church
 Would they strip from us ; being valued thus :
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour, 12
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;
 And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil, 16
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied ;
 And to the coffers of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

ELY. This would drink deep.

CANTERBURY. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

ELY. But what prevention ? 21

CANTERBURY. The king is full of grace and fair
 regard.

ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.

CANTERBURY. The courses of his youth promis'd it
 not. 24

The breath no sooner left his father's body

But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an angel came, 28
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made ; 32
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady currance, scouring faults ;
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat and all at once 36
 As in this king.

ELY. We are blessed in the change.

CANTERBURY. Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate : 40
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all his study :
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music : 44
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still, 48
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoric : 52
 Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain ;
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ; 56
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

ELY. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best 61
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt, 64

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night.
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

CANTERBURY. It must be so; for miracles are
ceas'd;

And therefore we must needs admit the means 68
How things are perfected.

ELY. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

CANTERBURY. He seems indifferent, 72
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation, 76
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80
Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

CANTERBURY. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,— 84
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,—
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France, 88
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

ELY. What was the impediment that broke this off?

CANTERBURY. The French ambassador upon that
instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come 92
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

ELY. It is.

CANTERBURY. Then go we in to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare 96
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

ELY. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. The Presence Chamber.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

KING HENRY. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury ?

EXETER. Not here in presence.

KING HENRY. Send for him, good uncle.

WESTMORELAND. Shall we call in the ambassador,
my liege ?

KING HENRY. Not yet, my cousin : we would be
resolv'd, 4

Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY.

CANTERBURY. God and his angels guard your sacred
throne, 7

And make you long become it !

KING HENRY. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim. 12
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right 16
Suits not in native colours with the truth ;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war :
We charge you in the name of God, take heed ;
For never two such kingdoms did contend 24
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality. 28

Under this conjuration speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism. 32

CANTERBURY. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and
you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France 36
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze 40
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany, 44
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women 48
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala, 52
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land 56
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption 60
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say, 64
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,

SCENE II] KING HENRY THE FIFTH 17

Make claim and title to the crown of France. 68
 Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
 To find his title with some shows of truth,— 72
 Though in pure truth, it was corrupt and nought,—
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son 76
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the aforesaid Duke of Lorraine :
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great 84
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear 88
 To hold in right and title of the female :
 So do the kings of France unto this day ;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female ; 92
 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

KING HENRY. May I with right and conscience make
 this claim ? 96

CANTERBURY. The sin upon my head, dread
 sovereign !

For in the book of Numbers is it writ :
 ' When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter.' Gracious lord, 100
 Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors :
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit, 104
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France ;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill 103
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English ! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France, 112
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.

ELY. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats : 116
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

EXETER. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood. 124

WESTMORELAND. They know your Grace hath cause
and means and might ;
So hath your highness ; never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France. 129

CANTERBURY. O ! let their bodies follow, my dear
liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right ;
In aid whereof we of the spirituality 132
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

KING HENRY. We must not only arm to invade the
French, 136
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

CANTERBURY. They of those marches, gracious
sovereign, 140

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

KING HENRY. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot, 144

Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us ;

For you shall read that my great-grandfather

Never went with his forces into France

But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom 148

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,

With ample and brim fulness of his force,

Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,

Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ; 152

That England, being empty of defence,

Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

CANTERBURY. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege ;

For hear her but exampled by herself : 156

When all her chivalry hath been in France

And she a mourning widow of her nobles,

She hath herself not only well defended,

But taken and impounded as a stray 160

The King of Scots ; whom she did send to France,

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,

And make your chronicle as rich with praise

As is the owse and bottom of the sea 164

With sunken wrack and sumless treasures.

WESTMORELAND. But there 's a saying very old and
true ;

If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin : 168

For once the eagle England being in prey,

To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot

Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,

Playing the mouse in absence of the cat, 172

To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

EXETER. It follows then the cat must stay at home :

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity ;

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities 176

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The advised head defends itself at home :
For government, though high and low and lower, 180
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

CANTERBURY. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions, 184
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach 188
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts ;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad, 192
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor : 196
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, 204
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously ;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ; 208
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne 212
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four ;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake. 216

If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy. 220

KING HENRY. Call in the messengers sent from the
Dauphin. [Exit an Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd ; and by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe 224
Or break it all to pieces : or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn, 228
Tombless, with no remembrance over them :
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth, 232
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king. 236

FIRST AMBASSADOR. May 't please your majesty to
give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy ? 240

KING HENRY. We are no tyrant, but a Christian
king ;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness 244
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

FIRST AMBASSADOR.

Thus then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third. 248
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,

And bids you be advis'd there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won ; 252
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim 256
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

KING HENRY. What treasure, uncle ?

EXETER. Tennis-balls, my liege.

KING HENRY. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us :

His present and your pains we thank you for : 260

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,

We will in France, by God's grace, play a set

Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler 264

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd

With chaces. And we understand him well,

How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them. 268

We never valued this poor seat of England ;

And therefore, living hence, did give ourself

To barbarous licence ; as 'tis ever common

That men are merriest when they are from home. 272

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,

Be like a king and show my sail of greatness

When I do rouse me in my throne of France :

For that I have laid by my majesty 276

And plodded like a man for working-days,

But I will rise there with so full a glory

That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,

Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. 280

And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul

Shall stand sore-charged for the wasteful vengeance

That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ; 285

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;

And some are yet ungotten and unborn

That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn. 288

But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth 292
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it. 296
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Ambassadors.

EXETER. This was a merry message.

KING HENRY. We hope to make the sender blush
at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars 304
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door. 308
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exeunt. Flourish.

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man : 4
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air 8
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

The French, advis'd by good intelligence 12
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England ! model to thy inward greatness, 16
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural !
 But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out 20
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third, 24
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
 Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt, indeed !—
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,— 28
 If hell and treason hold their promises,—
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on ; and well digest
 The abuse of distance while we force a play. 32
 The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
 The king is set from London ; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton :
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit : 36
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
 But, till the king come forth and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

SCENE I.—London. Eastcheap.

Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH. Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARDOLPH. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet ? 4

NYM. For my part, I care not : I say little ; but

when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight ; but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one ; but what though ? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will : and there 's an end.

BARDOLPH. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France : let it be so, good Corporal Nym. 13

NYM. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the certain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may : that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it. 17

BARDOLPH. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly ; and, certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-pledge to her. 20

NYM. I cannot tell ; things must be as they may : men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may : though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell. 26

Enter PISTOL and Hostess.

BARDOLPH. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol !

PISTOL. Base tike, call'st thou me host ? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term ; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers. 32

HOSTESS. No, by my troth, not long ; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [NYM and PISTOL draw.] O well-a-day, Lady ! if he be not drawn now : we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

BARDOLPH. Good lieutenant ! good corporal ! offer nothing here.

NYM. Pish !

PISTOL. Pish for thee, Iceland dog ! thou pricked eared cur of Iceland ! 44

HOSTESS. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour and put up your sword.

NYM. Will you shog off ? I would have you solus.

[Sheathing his sword.

PISTOL. 'Solus,' egregious dog ? O viper vile ! 48
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face ;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy ;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth ! 52
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels ;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow. 55

NYM. I am not Barbason ; you cannot conjure me.
I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If
you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with
my rapier, as I may, in fair terms : if you would walk
off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as
I may ; and that's the humour of it. 61

PISTOL. O braggart vile and damned furious wight !
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near ;
Therefore exhale. 64

BARDOLPH. Hear me, hear me what I say : he that
strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts,
as I am a soldier. [Draws. 65

PISTOL. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall
abate. 63

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give ;
Thy spirits are most tall.

NYM. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in
fair terms ; that is the humour of it. 72

PISTOL. 'Coupe le gorge !'
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get ?
No ; to the spital go, 76
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse :
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly 80
For the only she ; and—pauca, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

BOY. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill. 86

BARDOLPH. Away, you rogue!

HOSTESS. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. 90

[Exeunt Hostess and Boy.]

BARDOLPH. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats? 93

PISTOL. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

NYM. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting? 96

PISTOL. Base is the slave that pays.

NYM. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

PISTOL. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[They draw.]

BARDOLPH. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will. 102

PISTOL. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

BARDOLPH. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

NYM. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting? 108

PISTOL. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me. 112
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

NYM. I shall have my noble ?

116

PISTOL. In cash most justly paid.

[Paying him.

NYM. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Hostess.

HOSTESS. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

122

NYM. The king hath run bad humours on the knight ; that's the even of it.

PISTOL. Nym, thou hast spoke the right ; His heart is fracted and corroborate.

NYM. The king is a good king : but it must be as it may ; he passes some humours and careers.

128

PISTOL. Let us condole the knight ; for, lambkins, we will live.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council-chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

BEDFORD. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

EXETER. They shall be apprehended by and by.

WESTMORELAND. How smooth and even they do bear themselves !

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

4

Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

BEDFORD. The king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of.

EXETER. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours, That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

KING HENRY. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

12

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France, 16
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them ?

SCROOP. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his
best.

KING HENRY. I doubt not that ; since we are well
persuaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours ;
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us. 24

CAMBRIDGE. Never was monarch better fear'd and
lov'd

Than is your majesty : there 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government. 28

GREY. True : those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

KING HENRY. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness, 32

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

SCROOP. So service shall with steeled sinews toil, 36
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

KING HENRY. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday 40
That rail'd against our person : we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

SCROOP. That 's mercy, but too much security : 44
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

KING HENRY. O ! let us yet be merciful.

CAMBRIDGE. So may your highness, and yet punish
too. 48

GREY. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.

KING HENRY. Alas ! your too much love and care
of me 52

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us ? We'll yet enlarge that man, 57
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
causes : 60

Who are the late commissioners ?

CAMBRIDGE. I one, my lord :
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP. So did you me, my liege. 64

GREY. And I, my royal sovereign.

KING HENRY. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
there is yours ;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours : 68

Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen !
What see you in those papers that you lose 72

So much complexion ? Look ye, how they change !
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance ?

CAMBRIDGE. I do confess my fault, 76
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY. }
SCROOP. } To which we all appeal.

KING HENRY. The mercy that was quick in us but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd : 80
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes and my noble peers, 84
These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour ; and this man 88
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us 92
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O !
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature !
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, 96
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use !
May it be possible that foreign hire 100
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it. 104
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them : 108
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder :
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously 112
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
And other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd 116
From glistening semblances of piety ;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,

And tell the legions, 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.' 124

O! how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance. Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned? 128

Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?

Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?

Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, 132

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,

Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgment trusting neither? 136

Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

To mark the full-fraught man and best indued

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like

Another fall of man. Their faults are open:

Arrest them to the answer of the law;

And God acquit them of their practices! 144

EXETER. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry
Lord Scroop of Masham. 148

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

SCROOP. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd.
And I repent my fault more than my death; 152

Which I beseech your highness to forgive,

Although my body pay the price of it.

CAMBRIDGE. For me, the gold of France did not
seduce,

Although I did admit it as a motive 156

The sooner to effect what I intended:

But God be thanked for prevention;

Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,

Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160

GREY. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason

Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise. 164
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

KING HENRY. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ; 169
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt, 172
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws 176
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death ;
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance 180
Of all your dear offences ! Bear them hence.

[Exeunt CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY, guarded.

Now, lords, for France ! the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war, 184
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way. 188
Then forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea ! the signs of war advance : 192
No king of England, if not king of France. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—London. Before a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

HOSTESS. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me
bring thee to Staines.

PISTOL. No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe ; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins ; 4
Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

BARDOLPH. Would I were with him, wheresome'er
he is, either in heaven or in hell ! 8

HOSTESS. Nay, sure, he's not in hell : he's in
Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.
A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any
christom child ; a' parted even just between twelve and
one, even at the turning o' the tide : for after I saw
him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and
smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but
one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and
a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John !'
quoth I : 'what man ! be of good cheer.' So a' cried
out 'God, God, God !' three or four times : now I,
to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God,
I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any
such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes
on his feet : I put my hand into the bed and felt them,
and they were as cold as any stone ; then I felt to
his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was
as cold as any stone.

NYM. They say he cried out of sack.

HOSTESS. Ay, that a' did. 28

BARDOLPH. And of women.

HOSTESS. Nay, that a' did not.

BOY. Yes, that a' did ; and said they were devils
incarnate. 32

HOSTESS. A' could never abide carnation ; 'twas
a colour he never liked.

BOY. A' said once, the devil would have him about
women. 36

HOSTESS. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women ;
but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of
Babylon. 39

BOY. Do you not remember a' saw a flea stick upon
Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning
in hell-fire ?

BARDOLPH. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained

that fire : that 's all the riches I got in his service. 44

NYM. Shall we shog ? the king will be gone from Southampton.

PISTOL. Come, let 's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my moveables : 43

Let senses rule, the word is ' Pitch and pay ' ;

Trust none ;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck : 52

Therefore, caveto be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France ; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck ! 56

BOY. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.

PISTOL. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARDOLPH. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.

NYM. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it ; but, adieu. 61

PISTOL. Let housewifery appear : keep close, I thee command.

HOSTESS. Farewell ; adieu. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—France. An Apartment in the FRENCH KING'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, attended ; the DAUPHIN, the DUKES OF BERRI and BRITAINE, the CONSTABLE, and Others.

FRENCH KING. Thus come the English with full power upon us ;

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Britaine, 4

Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,

To line and new repair our towns of war

With men of courage and with means defendant : 8

For England his approaches makes as fierce

As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples 12
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

DAUPHIN. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,— 16
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,—
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation. 20
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France :
And let us do it with no show of fear ;
No, with no more than if we heard that England 24
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, 28
That fear attends her not.

CONSTABLE. O peace, Prince Dauphin !
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy, 32
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent 36
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

DAUPHIN. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable ;
But though we think it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mightily than he seems : 44
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

FRENCH KING. Think we King Harry strong ; 48

And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths : 52
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales ; 56
Whiles that his mounting sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him. 64

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. Ambassadors from Harry King of
England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

FRENCH KING. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends. 68

DAUPHIN. Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward
dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they seem to
threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know 72

Of what a monarchy you are the head :

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin

As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

FRENCH KING. From our brother England ?

EXETER. From him : and thus he greets your
majesty. 76

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty.

That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
 By law of nature and of nations, 'long 80
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
 And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
 By custom and the ordinance of times
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know 84
 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd, 87
 He sends you this most memorable line, [Gives a pedigree.
 In every branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing you overlook this pedigree;
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors, 92
 Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

FRENCH KING. Or else what follows? 96

EXETER. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the
 crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove, 100
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war 104
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers, 108
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too. 112

FRENCH KING. For us, we will consider of this
 further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

DAUPHIN. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him : what to him from England ? 116

EXETER. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,

And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king : an if your father's highness 120
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France 124
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

DAUPHIN. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will ; for I desire 128
Nothing but odds with England : to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls. 131

EXETER. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe :
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference—
As we his subjects have in wonder found—
Between the promise of his greener days 136
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain ; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

FRENCH KING. To-morrow shall you know our mind
at full. 140

EXETER. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our
king
Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this land already.

FRENCH KING. You shall be soon dispatch'd with
fair conditions : 144
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier 4
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning :
 Play with your fancies and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ; 8
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaten'd sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea, 12
 Breasting the lofty surge. O ! do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
 For so appears this fleet majestical, 16
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women, 20
 Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance :
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 Those cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ? 24
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege ;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back ;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him 28
 Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms :
 The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner 32
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[Alarum, and chambers go off.]

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER,
and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

KING HENRY. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility ; 4
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ; 8
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock 12
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit 16
To his full height ! On, on, you noblest English !
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof ;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought, 20
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood, 24
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base 29
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot : 32
Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge
Cry ' God for Harry ! England and Saint George ! '

[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

BARDOLPH. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

NYM. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

PISTOL. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound: 8

Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield

In bloody field

Doth win immortal fame. 12

BOY. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

PISTOL. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me, 16

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

BOY. As duly,

But not as truly, 20

As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

FLUELLEN. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [Driving them forward.]

PISTOL. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould! Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage! 24

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

NYM. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. 28

[Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, followed by FLUELLEN.]

BOY. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man

to me ; for, indeed three such antiques do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced ; by the means whereof, a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword ; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men ; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward : but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds ; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel ;—I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals,—they would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers : which makes much against my manhood if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service : their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

GOWER. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines : the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you. 57

FLUELLEN. To the mines ! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines. For look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war ; the concavities of it is not sufficient ; for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss unto the duke, look you—is digt himself four yards under the counter-mines ; by Cheshu, I think, a' will plow up all if there is not better directions. 63

GOWER. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith. 68

FLUELLEN. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not ?

GOWER. I think it be.

FLUELLEN. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world : I will verify as much in his peard : he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

GOWER. Here a' comes ; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him. 76

FLUELLEN. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain ; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions : by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

JAMY. I say gud day, Captain Fluellen. 84

FLUELLEN. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

GOWER. How now, Captain Macmorris ! have you quit the mines ? have the pioners given o'er ? 88

MACMORRIS. By Chrish, la ! tish ill done : the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done ; it ish give over : I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la ! in an hour : O ! tish ill done, tish ill done ; by my hand, tish ill done ! 94

FLUELLEN. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication ; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline : that is the point.

JAMY. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath : [Aside.] and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion ; that sall I, marry. 105

MACMORRIS. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me : the day is hot, and the weather, and the

wars, and the king, and the dukes : it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach ; and we talk, and be Chrish, do nothing : 'tis shame for us all ; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still ; it is shame, by my hand ; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done ; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la ! 114

JAMY. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile lig i' the grund for it ; ay, or go to death ; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway. 120

FLUELLEN. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

MACMORRIS. Of my nation ! What ish my nation ? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal ? What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ? 126

FLUELLEN. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities. 133

MACMORRIS. I do not know you so good a man as myself : so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

GOWER. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

JAMY. A ! that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.

GOWER. The town sounds a parley. 139

FLUELLEN. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars ; and there is an end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls ; the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

KING HENRY. How yet resolves the governor of the town ?

This is the latest parle we will admit :
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;
 Or like to men proud of destruction 4
 Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier,—
 A name that in my thoughts, becomes me best,—
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur 8
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range 12
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends, 16
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?
 What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
 Of hot and forcing violation ?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command 24
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
 As send precepts to the leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people, 28
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villany. 32
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;

SCENE III] KING HENRY THE FIFTH 47

Your fathers taken by the silver beards, 36
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls ;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry 40
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

GOVERNOR. Our expectation hath this day an end.
 The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated, 45
 Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy. 48
 Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
 For we no longer are defensible.

KING HENRY. Open your gates ! Come, uncle
 Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain, 52
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
 The winter coming on and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais. 56
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;
 To-morrow for the march are we address.

[Flourish. KING HENRY and his Train enter the town.

SCENE IV.—Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

KATHARINE. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

ALICE. Un peu, madame. 3

KATHARINE. Je te prie, m'enseignes ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main en Anglois ?

ALICE. La main ? elle est appelée, de hand.

KATHARINE. De hand. Et les doigts ? 8

ALICE. Les doigts ? ma foy, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.

KATHARINE. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?

ALICE. Les ongles ? nous les appellons, de nails. 16

KATHARINE. De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien : de hands, de fingres, et de nails.

ALICE. C'est bien dict, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois. 20

KATHARINE. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

ALICE. De arm, madame.

KATHARINE. Et le coude ?

ALICE. De elbow. 24

KATHARINE. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

ALICE. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

KATHARINE. Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow. 29

ALICE. De elbow, madame.

KATHARINE. O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; de elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ? 32

ALICE. De nick, madame.

KATHARINE. De nick. Et le menton ?

ALICE. De chin.

KATHARINE. De sin. Le col, de nick : le menton, de sin. 37

ALICE. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en vérité vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre. 40

KATHARINE. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

ALICE. N'avez vous déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ? 44

KATHARINE. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

ALICE. De nails, madame.

KATHARINE. De nails, de arme, de ilbow. 48

ALICE. Sauf vostre honneur, d'elbow.

KATHARINE. Ainsi dis je ; d'elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe ?

ALICE. De foot, madame ; et le coun. 52

KATHARINE. De foot, et le coun ? O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Foh ! le foot, et le coun. Néanmoins je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le coun. 60

ALICE. Excellent, madame !

KATHARINE. C'est assez pour une fois : allons nous à diner. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and Others.

FRENCH KING. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

CONSTABLE. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France ; let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people. 4

DAUPHIN. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds, 8 And overlook their grafters ?

BOURBON. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !

Mort de ma vie ! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, 12 To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

CONSTABLE. Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull, 16 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water, A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth, Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ? 20

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
 Seem frosty ? O ! for honour of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping icicles
 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people 24
 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields ;
 Poor we may call them in their native lords.

DAUPHIN. By faith and honour,
 Our madams mock at us, and plainly say 28
 Our mettle is bred out ; and they will give
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth
 To new-store France with bastard warriors.

BOURBON. They bid us to the English dancing-
 schools, 32
 And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos ;
 Saying our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

FRENCH KING. Where is Montjoy the herald ? speed
 him hence : 36
 Let him greet England with our shar'p defiance.
 Up, princes ! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :
 Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France ; 40
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg, 44
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
 For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land 48
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon : 52
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,
 And in a captive chariot into Roan
 Bring him our prisoner.

CONSTABLE. This becomes the great.
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few, 56
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,

For I am sure when he shall see our army
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

60

FRENCH KING. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

64

DAUPHIN. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

FRENCH KING. Be patient, for you shall remain
with us.

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

GOWER. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you
from the bridge?

FLUELLEN. I assure you, there is very excellent
services committed at the pridge.

4

GOWER. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

FLUELLEN. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous
as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour
with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life,
and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—
God be praised and plessed!—any hurt in the world;
but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent
discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at
the pridge, I think, in my very conscience, he is as
valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of
no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as
gallant service.

16

GOWER. What do you call him?

FLUELLEN. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

GOWER. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

FLUELLEN. Here is the man.

20

PISTOL. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLUELLEN. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands. 24

PISTOL. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,

And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate

And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,

That goddess blind,

28

That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

FLUELLEN. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral. 39

PISTOL. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him; For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must a' be, A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate. 44

But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

48

With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLUELLEN. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning. 52

PISTOL. Why then, rejoice therefore.

FLUELLEN. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for, if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used. 57

PISTOL. Die and be damn'd; and figo for thy friendship!

FLUELLEN. It is well.

PISTOL. The fig of Spain !

[Exit.

FLUELLEN. Very good.

61

GOWER. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal : I remember him now ; a bawd, a cutpurse.

FLUELLEN. I'll assure you a' utter'd as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

67

GOWER. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done ; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on ; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths : and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

82

FLUELLEN. I tell you what, Captain Gower ; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is : if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming ; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty !

88

KING HENRY. How now, Fluellen ! cam'st thou from the bridge ?

FLUELLEN. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter hath very gallantly maintained the pridge : the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man.

96

KING HENRY. What men have you lost, Fluellen ?

FLUELLEN. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great : marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church ; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man : his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire ; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out. 106

KING HENRY. We would have all such offenders so cut off : and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language ; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 113

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

MONTJOY. You know me by my habit.

KING HENRY. Well then I know thee ; what shall I know of thee ?

MONTJOY. My master's mind. 116

KING HENRY. Unfold it.

MONTJOY. Thus says my king : Say thou to Harry of England : Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep : advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe ; now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial : England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom ; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested ; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor ; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number ; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To

this add defiance : and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office. 137

KING HENRY. What is thy name ? I know thy quality.

MONTJOY. Montjoy.

KING HENRY. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, 140

And tell thy king I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment ; for, to say the sooth,—
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much 144
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—

My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French : 148

Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus ! this your air of France 152
Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.

Go therefore, tell thy master here I am :
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard ; 156

Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself : 160

If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this : 164

We would not seek a battle as we are ;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it :
So tell your master.

MONTJOY. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

GLOUCESTER. I h
now.

KING HENRY. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night :

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, 172

And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD RAMBURES, the DUKE OF ORLEANS, the DAUPHIN, and Others.

CONSTABLE. Tut ! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day !

ORLEANS. You have an excellent armour ; but let my horse have his due. 4

CONSTABLE. It is the best horse of Europe.

ORLEANS. Will it never be morning ?

DAUPHIN. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour— 8

ORLEANS. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

DAUPHIN. What a long night is this ! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca, ha ! He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs : le cheval volant, the Pegasus, qui a les narines de feu ! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk : he trots the air ; the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORLEANS. He 's of the colour of the nutmeg. 19

DAUPHIN. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus : he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him : he is indeed a horse ; and all other jades you may call beasts. 25

CONSTABLE. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

DAUPHIN. It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

ORLEANS. No more, cousin. 31

DAUPHIN. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world—familiar to us, and unknown—to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature!'— 41

ORLEANS. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAUPHIN. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

ORLEANS. Your mistress bears well.

DAUPHIN. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress. 48

CONSTABLE. Ma foi, methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

DAUPHIN. So perhaps did yours.

CONSTABLE. Mine was not bridled. 52

DAUPHIN. O! then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off and in your straight strossers. 55

CONSTABLE. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

DAUPHIN. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress. 60

CONSTABLE. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

DAUPHIN. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

CONSTABLE. I could make as true a boast as that if I had a sow to my mistress. 65

DAUPHIN. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier: thou makest use of any thing. 68

CONSTABLE. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress: or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

RAMBURES. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it ? 73

CONSTABLE. Stars, my lord.

DAUPHIN. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

CONSTABLE. And yet my sky shall not want. 76

DAUPHIN. That may be, for you bear a many superflously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

CONSTABLE. Even as your horse bears your praises ; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted. 81

DAUPHIN. Would I were able to load him with his desert ! Will it never be day ? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CONSTABLE. I will not say so for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

RAMBURES. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners ? 89

CONSTABLE. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

DAUPHIN. 'Tis midnight : I'll go arm myself. (Exit.

ORLEANS. The Dauphin longs for morning. 93

RAMBURES. He longs to eat the English.

CONSTABLE. I think he will eat all he kills.

ORLEANS. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince. 97

CONSTABLE. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

ORLEANS. He is simply the most active gentleman of France. 101

CONSTABLE. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

ORLEANS. He never did harm, that I heard of. 104

CONSTABLE. Nor will do none to-morrow : he will keep that good name still.

ORLEANS. I know him to be valiant.

CONSTABLE. I was told that by one that knows him better than you. 109

ORLEANS. What's he ?

CONSTABLE. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it. 112

ORLEANS. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

CONSTABLE. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate. 116

ORLEANS. 'Ill will never said well.'

CONSTABLE. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship'.

ORLEANS. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due'. 121

CONSTABLE. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with 'A pox of the devil'. 124

ORLEANS. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot'.

CONSTABLE. You have shot over. 127

ORLEANS. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CONSTABLE. Who hath measured the ground?

MESSENGER. The Lord Grandpré. 132

CONSTABLE. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas! poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do. 135

ORLEANS. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

CONSTABLE. If the English had any apprehension they would run away. 140

ORLEANS. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces. 143

RAMBURES. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

ORLEANS. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed

like rotten apples. You may as well say that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. 150

CONSTABLE. Just, just ; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives : and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils. 155

ORLEANS. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CONSTABLE. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm ; come, shall we about it ? 160

ORLEANS. It is now two o'clock : but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night, 4
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames 8
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights, 12
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name. 16
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20

Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate 24
 The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold 28
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
 For forth he goes and visits all his host, 32
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him; 36
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:
 But freshly looks and overbears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; 40
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal, like the sun
 His liberal eye doth give to every one, 44
 Thawing cold fear. Then mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly; 48
 Where,—O for pity,—we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see; 52
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [Exit.

SCENE I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER.

KING HENRY. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in
 great danger;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.

Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty !
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil, 4
 Would men observingly distil it out ;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry :
 Besides they are our outward consciences, 8
 And preachers to us all ; admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself. 13

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERPINGHAM. Not so, my liege : this lodging likes me
 better, 16

Since I may say, ' Now lie I like a king.'

KING HENRY. 'Tis good for men to love their present
 pains

Upon example ; so the spirit is eas'd :
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, 20
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both, 24
 Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
 Do my good morrow to them ; and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLOUCESTER. We shall, my liege. 28

[Exit GLOUCESTER and BEDFORD.]

ERPINGHAM. Shall I attend your Grace ?

KING HENRY. No, my good knight ;
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England :
 I and my bosom must debate awhile,
 And then I would no other company. 32

ERPINGHAM. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
 Harry ! [Exit.

KING HENRY. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st
 cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

PISTOL. Qui va là ?

KING HENRY. A friend.

36

PISTOL. Discuss unto me ; art thou officer ?
Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

KING HENRY. I am a gentleman of a company.

PISTOL. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

40

KING HENRY. Even so. What are you ?

PISTOL. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

KING HENRY. Then you are a better than the king.

PISTOL. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame :

45

Of parents good, of fist most valiant :

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

48

KING HENRY. Harry le Roy.

PISTOL. Le Roy ! a Cornish name : art thou of
Cornish crew ?

KING HENRY. No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

52

KING HENRY. Yes.

PISTOL. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

KING HENRY. Do not you wear your dagger in your
cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

57

PISTOL. Art thou his friend ?

KING HENRY. And his kinsman too.

PISTOL. The figo for thee then !

60

KING HENRY. I thank you. God be with you !

PISTOL. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.

KING HENRY. It sorts well with your fierceness.

[Retires.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

GOWER. Captain Fluellen !

64

FLUELLEN. So ! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak
lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal
world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and
laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the
pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you

shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

GOWER. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night. 76

FLUELLEN. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, in your own conscience now? 80

GOWER. I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN. I pray you and peseech you that you will. [Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.]

KING HENRY. Though it appear a little out of fashion, 84
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

COURT. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

BATES. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day. 89

WILLIAMS. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there? 92

KING HENRY. A friend.

WILLIAMS. Under what captain serve you?

KING HENRY. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

KING HENRY. Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide. 100

BATES. He hath not told his thought to the king?

KING HENRY. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me;

all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army. 114

BATES. He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here. 119

KING HENRY. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

BATES. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved. 125

KING HENRY. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

WILLIAMS. That 's more than we know. 131

BATES. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us. 135

WILLIAMS. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? Now, if these

men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. 148

KING HENRY. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day

to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

WILLIAMS. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the king is not to answer it. 189

BATES. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

KING HENRY. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed. 193

WILLIAMS. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser. 196

KING HENRY. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

WILLIAMS. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying. 204

KING HENRY. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

WILLIAMS. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live. 208

KING HENRY. I embrace it.

WILLIAMS. How shall I know thee again?

KING HENRY. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel. 213

WILLIAMS. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

KING HENRY. There. 216

WILLIAMS. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear. 220

KING HENRY. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILLIAMS. Thou darest as well be hanged.

KING HENRY. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company. 225

WILLIAMS. Keep thy word : fare thee well.

BATES. Be friends, you English fools, be friends ;
we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how
to reckon. 229

KING HENRY. Indeed, the French may lay twenty
French crowns to one, they will beat us ; for they bear
them on their shoulders : but it is no English treason
to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself
will be a clipper. [Exeunt Soldiers.

Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, 236

Our children, and our sins lay on the king !

We must bear all. O hard condition !

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel 240

But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease

Must kings neglect that private men enjoy !
And what have kings that privates have, not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony ? 244

And what art thou, thou idle ceremony ?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings in ? 248

O ceremony ! show me but thy worth :

What is thy soul of adoration ?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men ? 252

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery ? O ! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. 257

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation ?

Will it give place to flexure and low-bending ? 260

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose ;

I am a king that find thee ; and I know 264

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king, 268
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical, 272
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell, 276
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium ; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse, 280
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave :
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep, 284
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it : but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages. 289

Re-enter ERPINGHAM.

ERPINGHAM. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

KING HENRY. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent :
I'll be before thee.

ERPINGHAM. I shall do 't, my lord. [Exit.

KING HENRY. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers'
hearts ;

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers 296
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord !
O ! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.

I Richard's body have interr'd anew, 300
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up 304
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth, 308
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER. My liege !

KING HENRY. My brother Gloucester's voice ! Ay ;
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee : 313
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The French Camp.

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.

ORLEANS. The sun doth gild our armour : up, my lords !

DAUPHIN. Montez à cheval ! My horse ! varlet !
 lacquais ! ha !

ORLEANS. O brave spirit !

DAUPHIN. Via ! les eaux et la terre ! 4

ORLEANS. Rien puis ? l'air et le feu.

DAUPHIN. Ciel ! cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable !

CONSTABLE. Hark how our steeds for present service
 neigh ! 8

DAUPHIN. Mount them, and make incision in their
 hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
 And dout them with superfluous courage : ha !

RAMBURES. What ! will you have them weep our
 horses' blood ? 12

How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. The English are embattail'd, you French peers.

CONSTABLE. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !

Do but behold yon poor and starved band, 16

And your fair show shall suck away their souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

There is not work enough for all our hands ;

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20

To give each naked curtal-axe a stain,

That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,

And sheathe for lack of sport : let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them. 24

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,

That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,

Who in unnecessary action swarm

About our squares of battle, were enow 28

To purge this field of such a hilding foe,

Though we upon this mountain's basis by

Took stand for idle speculation :

But that our honours must not. What 's to say ? 32

A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The tucket sonance and the note to mount :

For our approach shall so much dare the field, 36

That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

GRANDPRÉ. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?

Yon island carrions desperate of their bones,

Ill-favour'dly become the morning field : 40

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully :

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps : 44

The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes, 48
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour. 52
 Description cannot suit itself in words
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CONSTABLE. They have said their prayers, and they
 stay for death. 56

DAUPHIN. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh
 suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them ?

CONSTABLE. I stay but for my guard : on, to the
 field ! 60

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

Enter the English host ; GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
 SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

GLOUCESTER. Where is the king ?

BEDFORD. The king himself is rode to view their
 battle.

WESTMORELAND. Of fighting men they have full
 three-score thousand.

EXETER. There 's five to one ; besides, they all are
 fresh. 4

SALISBURY. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful
 odds.

God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :
 If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford, 8
 My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu !

BEDFORD. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good
luck go with thee !

EXETER. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day :
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it, 13
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit SALISBURY.]

BEDFORD. He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

Enter KING HENRY.

WESTMORELAND. O ! that we now had here 16
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.

KING HENRY. What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, 24
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour, 28
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me, 32
For the best hope I have. O ! do not wish one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made, 36
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian : 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age, 44
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.' 48
 Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words, 52
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son; 56
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remember'd;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
 This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed 64
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

SALISBURY. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
 speed: 68

The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

KING HENRY. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WESTMORELAND. Perish the man whose mind is
 backward now! 72

KING HENRY. Thou dost not wish more help from
 England, coz?

WESTMORELAND. God's will! my liege, would you
 and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

KING HENRY. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five
 thousand men; 76

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

MONTJOY. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
Before thy most assured overthrow :
For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind 84
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

KING HENRY. Who hath sent thee now ? 88

MONTJOY. The Constable of France.

KING HENRY. I pray thee, bear my former answer
back :

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus
The man that once did sell the lion's skin 93
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust, 96
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work ;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven, 101
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly : tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day ;
Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field ;
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—

And time hath worn us into slovenry :
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night 116
 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then 120
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints ;
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them, 124
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONTJOY. I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee well :

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.

KING HENRY. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom. 128

Enter YORK.

YORK. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

KING HENRY. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,
 march away :
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

PISTOL. Yield, cur !

FRENCH SOLDIER. Je pense que vous estes le gentil-homme de bonne qualité.

PISTOL. Quality ? Calen O custure me ! Art thou a gentleman ? 4

What is thy name ? discuss.

FRENCH SOLDIER. O Seigneur Dieu !

PISTOL. O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman :—
 Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark : 8
 O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
 A greivous ransom.

FRENCH SOLDIER. O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié de moy ! 13

PISTOL. Moy shall not serve ; I will have forty moys ;

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat

In drops of crimson blood. 16

FRENCH SOLDIER. Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?

PISTOL. Brass, cur !

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20

Offer'st me brass ?

FRENCH SOLDIER. O pardonnez moy !

PISTOL. Sayst thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?

Come hither, boy : ask me this slave in French 24

What is his name.

BOY. Escoutez : comment estes vous appelé ?

FRENCH SOLDIER. Monsieur le Fer.

BOY. He says his name is Master Fer. 28

PISTOL. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.

BOY. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk. 32

PISTOL. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FRENCH SOLDIER. Que dit-il, monsieur ?

BOY. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest ; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge. 37

PISTOL. Ouy, cuppele gorge, permafoy, Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword. 40

FRENCH SOLDIER. O ! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison : gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus. 44

PISTOL. What are his words ?

BOY. He prays you to save his life : he is a gentleman of a good house ; and, for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns. 48

PISTOL. Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

FRENCH SOLDIER. Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

BOY. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; néantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement. 55

FRENCH SOLDIER. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre. 60

PISTOL. Expound unto me, boy.

BOY. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one—as he thinks—the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

PISTOL. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.— Follow me ! [Excunt Pistol, and French Soldier.

BOY. Suivez vous le grand capitaine. I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true, ' The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are both hanged ; and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and Others.

CONSTABLE. O diable !

ORLEANS. O seigneur ! le jour est perdu ! tout est perdu !

DAUPHIN. Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all ! Reproach and everlasting shame 4
Sit mocking in our plumes. O meschante fortune !
Do not run away. [A short alarum.

CONSTABLE. Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAUPHIN. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for? 8

ORLEANS. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOURBON. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honour! once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now, 12

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated. 16

CONSTABLE. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

ORLEANS. We are enough yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throngs, 20

If any order might be thought upon.

BOURBON. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:

Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces; EXETER, and Others.

KING HENRY. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

EXETER. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

KING HENRY. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour 4

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;

From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXETER. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie, Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,— 8

Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,—

The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd, 12
 And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
 And cries aloud, ' Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ; 16
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
 We kept together in our chivalry !'
 Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up : 20
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe says, ' Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.'
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck 24
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd 28
 Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd ;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes
 And gave me up to tears.

KING HENRY. I blame you not ; 32
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [Alarum.
 But hark ! what new alarum is this same ?
 The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men : 36
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners !
 Give the word through. [Excunt.

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

FLUELLEN. Kill the poys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't : in your conscience now, is it not ? 4

GOWER. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter : besides, they have burned

and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king.

FLUELLEN. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born? 13

GOWER. Alexander the Great.

FLUELLEN. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

GOWER. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it. 21

FLUELLEN. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—God knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

GOWER. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends. 40

FLUELLEN. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet: he was full

of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have forgot his name.

GOWER. Sir John Falstaff.

FLUELLEN. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth. 52

GOWER. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, with a part of the English Forces ; WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and Others.

KING HENRY. I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald ;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill : 56
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field ; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones 60
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so. 64

Enter MONTJOY.

EXETER. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLOUCESTER. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

KING HENRY. How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ? 68
Com'st thou again for ransom ?

MONTJOY. No, great king.

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them ; 72
To sort our nobles from our common men ;
For many of our princes—woe the while !—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs 76
In blood of princes ; and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O ! give us leave, great king, 80
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

KING HENRY. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no ;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer 84
And gallop o'er the field.

MONTJOY. The day is yours.

KING HENRY. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it !

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ?

MONTJOY. They call it Agincourt. 88

KING HENRY. Then call we this the field of Agin-
court,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLUELLEN. Your grandfather of famous memory,
an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward
the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

KING HENRY. They did, Fluellen. 95

FLUELLEN. Your majesty says very true. If your
majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good
service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks
in their Monmouth caps ; which, your majesty know,
to this hour is an honourable badge of the service ;
and I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear
the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

KING HENRY. I wear it for a memorable honour ;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman. 104

FLUELLEN. All the water in Wye cannot wash your
majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell
you that : Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it
pleases his grace, and his majesty too ! 108

KING HENRY. Thanks, good my countryman.

FLUELLEN. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's country-
man, I care not who know it ; I will confess it to all the
'orld : I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised
be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man. 113

KING HENRY. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither. 116

[Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and others.]

EXETER. Soldier, you must come to the king.

KING HENRY. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

WILLIAMS. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive. 121

KING HENRY. An Englishman?

WILLIAMS. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if a' live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap,—which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear if alive,—I will strike it out soundly. 128

KING HENRY. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

FLUELLEN. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience. 132

KING HENRY. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FLUELLEN. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la! 141

KING HENRY. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

WILLIAMS. So I will, my liege, as I live. 144

KING HENRY. Who servest thou under?

WILLIAMS. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

FLUELLEN. Gower is a goot captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars. 148

KING HENRY. Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILLIAMS. I will, my liege. [Exit.]

KING HENRY. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour

for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

FLUELLEN. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

KING HENRY. Knowest thou Gower? 163

FLUELLEN. He is my dear friend, an't please you.

KING HENRY. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLUELLEN. I will fetch him. [Exit. 168

KING HENRY. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester, 168

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should 172

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him,—as, I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,—

Some sudden mischief may arise of it; 176

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow and see there be no harm between them. 180

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt. 180

SCENE VIII.—Before KING HENRY'S Pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

FLUELLEN. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now come apace to the king: there is

more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of. 5

WILLIAMS. Sir, know you this glove ?

FLUELLEN. Know the glove ! I know the glove is a glove.

WILLIAMS. I know this ; and thus I challenge it. 8

[Strikes him.

FLUELLEN. 'Sblood ! an arrant traitor as any 's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

GOWER. How now, sir ! you villain !

WILLIAMS. Do you think I'll be forsworn ? 12

FLUELLEN. Stand away, Captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

WILLIAMS. I am no traitor.

FLUELLEN. That 's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him : he is a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

WARWICK. How now, how now ! what 's the matter ? 20

FLUELLEN. My Lord of Warwick, here is,—praised be God for it !—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty. 24

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

KING HENRY. How now ! what 's the matter ?

FLUELLEN. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon. 28

WILLIAMS. My liege, this was my glove ; here is the fellow of it ; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap ; I promised to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word. 33

FLUELLEN. Your majesty hear now,—saving your majesty's manhood,—what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and avouchments, that this

is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me ;
in your conscience now.

KING HENRY. Give me thy glove, soldier : look,
here is the fellow of it. 41

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike ;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLUELLEN. An't please your majesty, let his
neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the
'orld.

KING HENRY. How canst thou make me satisfac-
tion ? 48

WILLIAMS. All offences, my lord, come from the
heart : never came any from mine that might offend
your majesty.

KING HENRY. It was ourself thou didst abuse. 52

WILLIAMS. Your majesty came not like yourself :
you appeared to me but as a common man ; witness
the night, your garments, your lowliness ; and what
your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you,
take it for your own fault and not mine : for had you
been as I took you for I made no offence ; therefore,
I beseech your highness, pardon me.

KING HENRY. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with
crowns, 60

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow ;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap

Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns :

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him. 64

FLUELLEN. By this day and this light, the fellow
has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve
pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep
you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and
dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

WILLIAMS. I will none of your money. 70

FLUELLEN. It is with a good will ; I can tell you it
will serve you to mend your shoes : come, wherefore
should you be so pashful ? your shoes is not so
good : 'tis a good shilling, I warrant you, or I will
change it. 75

Enter an English Herald.

KING HENRY. Now, herald, are the dead number'd ?

HERALD. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [Delivers a paper.]

KING HENRY. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

EXETER. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt : 80

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

KING HENRY. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number, 84

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six : added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which 88

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires, 92

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead :

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France ;

Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France ; 96

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures ;

Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischart

Dauphin ;

John Duke of Alençon ; Anthony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy, 100

And Edward Duke of Bar : of lusty earls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,

Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death ! 104

Where is the number of our English dead ?

[Herald presents another paper.]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :

None else of name : and of all other men 108
 But five and twenty. O God ! thy arm was here ;
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock and even play of battle, 112
 Was ever known so great and little loss
 On one part and on the other ? Take it, God,
 For it is none but thine !

EXETER. 'Tis wonderful !

KING HENRY. Come, go we in procession to the village : 116

And be it death proclaimed through our host
 To boast of this or take the praise from God
 Which is his only.

FLUELLEN. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty,
 to tell how many is killed ? 121

KING HENRY. Yes, captain ; but with this acknow-
 ledgment,
 That God fought for us.

FLUELLEN. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

KING HENRY. Do we all holy rites : 125
 Let there be sung Non nobis and Te Deum ;
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
 We'll then to Calais ; and to England then, 128
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
 [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the
 story,
 That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, 4
 Which cannot, in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen.
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts 8
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach

Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
sea,

Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king, 12
Seems to prepare his way : so let him land
And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath ; 16

Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city : he forbids it,

Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ; 20
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent,

Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens. 24

The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,

Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in : 28
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,

Were now the general of our gracious empress,—
As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword, 32

How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him ! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;

As yet the lamentation of the French 36
Invites the King of England's stay at home,—

The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them ;—and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40

Till Harry's back-return again to France :
There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.

Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance, 44
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

GOWER. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

FLUELLEN. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, praggng knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself and all the 'orld know to be no petter than a fellow,—look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

GOWER. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock. 15

Enter PISTOL.

FLUELLEN. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God bless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

PISTOL. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Troyan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? 20
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLUELLEN. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my petitions to eat, look you, this leek; pecause, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PISTOL. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats. 28

FLUELLEN. [Strikes him.] There is one goat for you. Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

PISTOL. Base Troyan, thou shalt die. 31

FLUELLEN. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your viotuals; come, there is sauce for it.

[Strikes him again.] You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

GOWER. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

FLUELLEN. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite. I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

PISTOL. Must I bite?

44

FLUELLEN. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities.

PISTOL. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

48

FLUELLEN. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

PISTOL. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see I eat.

52

FLUELLEN. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

57

PISTOL. Good.

FLUELLEN. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

60

PISTOL. Me a groat!

FLUELLEN. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

64

PISTOL. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLUELLEN. If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[Exit.]

PISTOL. All hell shall stir for this.

GOWER. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in

your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.

PISTOL. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France: 84

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. 88
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the FRENCH KING's Palace.

Enter, from one side, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; from the other side, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE and other Ladies; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.

KING HENRY. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine; 4
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all! 8

FRENCH KING. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

QUEEN ISABEL. So happy be the issue, brother England, 12

Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent, 16
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

KING HENRY. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

QUEEN ISABEL. You English princes all, I do salute
you.

BURGUNDY. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England ! That I have
labour'd 24

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness. 28

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me
If I demand before this royal view, 32

What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world, 36
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?

Alas ! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility. 40

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies ; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas 44

The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery ;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth 48

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs, 52
Losing both beauty and utility ;
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children 56
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled ; and my speech entreats 64
That I may know the let why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

KING HENRY. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the
peace, 68

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands ;
Whose tenours and particular effects 72
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

BURGUNDY. The king hath heard them ; to the
which as yet,

There is no answer made.

KING HENRY. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer. 76

FRENCH KING. I have but with a cursory eye
O'erglanc'd the articles : pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed 80
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

KING HENRY. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester, 84
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king ;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best

Shall see advantageable for our dignity, 88
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

QUEEN ISABEL. Our gracious brother, I will go with
them. 92

Haply a woman's voice may do some good
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

KING HENRY. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
with us :

She is our capital demand, compris'd 96
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

QUEEN ISABEL. She hath good leave.

[Exeunt all except KING HENRY, KATHARINE, and ALICE.]

KING HENRY. Fair Katharine, and most fair !
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear, 100
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

KATHARINE. Your majesty sall mock at me ; I cannot
speak your England.

KING HENRY. O fair Katharine ! if you will love
me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to
hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue.
Do you like me, Kate ?

KATHARINE. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is
'like me'. 109

KING HENRY. An angel is like you, Kate ; and you
are like an angel.

KATHARINE. Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les
anges ? 113

ALICE. Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi
dit-il.

KING HENRY. I said so, dear Katharine ; and I
must not blush to affirm it. 117

KATHARINE. O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes
sont pleines des tromperies.

KING HENRY. What says she, fair one ? that the
tongues of men are full of deceits ? 121

ALICE. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full
of deceits : dat is de princess.

KING HENRY. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you:' then, if you urge me further than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady? 133

KATHARINE. Sauf vostre honneur, me understand vell.

KING HENRY. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rime is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop,

a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee. 172

KATHARINE. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

KING HENRY. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. 181

KATHARINE. I cannot tell vat is dat.

KING HENRY. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. 192

KATHARINE. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

KING HENRY. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me?

KATHARINE. I cannot tell. 200

KING HENRY. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet

you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATHARINE. I do not know dat.

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KING HENRY. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divine déesse*?

KATHARINE. Your majesté ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

225

KING HENRY. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word

thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—' England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine ; ' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken ; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English : wilt thou have me ? 252

KATHARINE. Dat is as it sall please de roy mon père.

KING HENRY. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate. 256

KATHARINE. Den it sall also content me.

KING HENRY. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen. 259

KATHARINE. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez ! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure : excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur. 264

KING HENRY. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHARINE. Les dames, et demoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noccs, il n'est pas la coutume de France. 268

KING HENRY. Madam my interpreter, what says she ?

ALICE. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is baiser in English. 272

KING HENRY. To kiss.

ALICE. Your majesty entendre better que moy.

KING HENRY. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say ? 277

ALICE. Ouy, vrayment.

KING HENRY. O Kate ! nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion : we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do

yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

BURGUNDY. God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English? 292

KING HENRY. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

BURGUNDY. Is she not apt? 296

KING HENRY. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. 301

BURGUNDY. Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

KING HENRY. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces. 312

BURGUNDY. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

KING HENRY. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking. 316

BURGUNDY. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholo-

mew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes ; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on. 322

KING HENRY. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer ; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

BURGUNDY. As love is, my lord, before it loves. 327

KING HENRY. It is so : and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way. 331

FRENCH KING. Yes, my lord, you see them respectively, the cities turned into a maid ; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

KING HENRY. Shall Kate be my wife ? 336

FRENCH KING. So please you.

KING HENRY. I am content ; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her : so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will. 341

FRENCH KING. We have consented to all terms of reason.

KING HENRY. Is 't so, my lords of England ? 344

WESTMORELAND. The king hath granted every article :

His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

EXETER. Only he hath not yet subscribed this : 348
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, Héretier de France ; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

FRENCH KING. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, 356

But your request shall make me let it pass.

KING HENRY. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest ;

And thereupon give me your daughter. 360

FRENCH KING. Take her, fair son ; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me ; that the contending kingdoms

Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness, 364

May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France. 368

ALL. Amen !

KING HENRY. Now, welcome, Kate : and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [Flourish.

QUEEN ISABEL. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one ! 373

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,

So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, 376

Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league ;

That English may as French, French Englishmen, 380

Receive each other ! God speak this Amen !

ALL. Amen !

KING HENRY. Prepare we for our marriage : on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, 384

And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;

And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be !

[Sennet. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen, 388

Our bending author hath pursu'd the story ;

In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd 392

 This star of England : Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
 And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King 396

 Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing,

 That they lost France and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit.

**THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH**

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

‘I now come,’ writes Courtenay in his *Commentaries*, ‘to the worst of the historical plays, the three parts of Henry the Sixth.’ There will be little difference of opinion as to the writer’s estimate of these plays; there can be no difference of opinion in placing the First Part of *King Henry VI* on a much lower level than we place the two later parts. It is some satisfaction to reflect that the most perplexing questions of Shakespearean scholarship are connected not with the great dramas but with ‘the worst of the historical plays’. The three parts do not stand with respect to these scholarly questions upon the same footing. The second and third parts are closely connected with two old plays, of which we possess early quartos; the first is known to us only through the folio of 1623. The problem here is, accordingly, a simpler one; we have no questions of revision of an earlier drama known to us, and how and by whom that revision was made, though we may imagine, if we please, that Part I existed in some earlier form than that which we possess. Here our chief questions are: Did Shakespeare write the whole of this play? and, if not the whole, did he write any parts of it?

The style of the greater part of the play indicates that, whoever may be the author, it is of early date. In Henslowe’s *Diary* mention is made, March 3, 1591 [1592], of a ‘harey the VI’ and the letters ‘Ne’, meaning ‘New’, are prefixed to the entry. Whether the play was that which we possess, and whether it was then wholly new, or had been made in part new by additions, we cannot say. It was evidently popular, for it reappears in the *Diary* on many occasions during

some ten or eleven months. Nashe in his *Pierce Pennilesse* (1592) seems to allude to the play which we find in the folio: 'How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his Toomb, he should triumphe againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at severall times) who, in the Tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding.' Talbot, in our play (Act I, Scene iv, l. 42), is styled, in a phrase caught from the chronicler Hall, 'the terror of the French.' In the Epilogue to *King Henry V* Shakespeare (if the Epilogue be from his hand) refers to King Henry VI and his state of which so many had the managing:—

That they lost France and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown.

Meres, in 1598, does not name *Henry VI* among Shakespeare's plays, but his list does not profess to be complete. The inclusion of *Henry VI* in the first folio raises a strong presumption that Shakespeare was not unconnected with the trilogy of that name, and perhaps with each part of the trilogy.

There have been critics—among others Charles Knight and Hudson—who maintain that the First Part of *Henry VI* is rightly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to Shakespeare alone. It is, of course, very difficult to decide such a matter by the evidence of style, inasmuch as we have no standard of comparison, or anything like a test, of his work in historical drama as early as 1591, or perhaps as early as 1589-90. The fact, however, is remarkable that from the time of Theobald to the present day scholars have doubted that Shakespeare did more than (in Theobald's words) 'add some finishing beauties' to the piece. Malone was of a decided opinion that the play could not be the work of Shakespeare. He held that the versification is unlike that of the second and third parts, and 'exactly corresponds with that of the tragedies written by

others before and about the time of Shakespeare's commencing author', a remark which falls in with Coleridge's comment upon the opening lines: 'Read aloud any two or three passages in blank verse even from Shakespeare's earliest dramas . . . and then read in the same way this speech . . . and if you do not feel the impossibility of the latter having been written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is that you may have ears—for so has another animal—but an ear you cannot have, *me judice*.'

Against Shakespeare's authorship Malone argued on the ground that in this play there are 'more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history' than can be found in any one piece by Shakespeare written upon an English story, and that these allusions are introduced very much in the manner of his immediate predecessors or early contemporaries. He notices that the writer of the play represents Henry as remembering words of his father, whereas in both the second and the third part it is stated by Henry that he was crowned at nine months old. Cambridge is said in the play (Act II, Scene v) to have levied an army against his sovereign; but in *Henry V* Cambridge is condemned at Southampton for conspiring to assassinate the king, and no army had been levied. The name 'Hecate' is in this play a trisyllable; but in *Macbeth* Shakespeare always makes 'Hecate' a disyllable. It may be added that historical events are jumbled and transposed here with an audacity to which, in his unquestioned plays, Shakespeare rarely, if ever, attains. We should be glad to think that a blind patriotic passion could not have operated so strongly on Shakespeare as to produce the gross conception seen here of the character of Joan of Arc; the writer of the play was partly under the guidance of the chroniclers, but he labours the theme with a zeal that is his own.

It is well to put on record here the opinions of three scholars who have devoted special attention to this play. R. Grant White's 'Essay on the Authorship of *King Henry VI*' (given in the seventh volume of his

edition of *Shakespeare's Works*) is mainly concerned with the second and third parts ; but he does not neglect the first. He thought it not improbable that Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and Shakespeare, were all engaged upon it. That Shakespeare wrote at least a part of it he regarded as certain, and he believed that as we have the play in the folio it had been throughout revised by him. The greater part of *Henry VI*, Part I, he held, was originally written by Greene, 'whose style of thought and versification may be detected throughout the play beneath the thin embellishment with which it was disguised by Shakespeare, and especially in the first and second scenes of the first Act.' Traces of Marlowe's 'furious pen' he found in the second and third scenes of Act II. He would attribute to Peele the couplets of the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of Act IV, and conjectured that these scenes had been retouched by Shakespeare, who may have altered such lines (characteristic of Peele) as happened to make an accented syllable rhyme with one that is unaccented. Shakespeare having, in his opinion, revised the whole, he admits that all attempts to parcel out the authorship must be 'sheer conjecture'.

Mr. Fleay in his *Chronicle History of the Life and Work of Shakespeare* (1886) is less troubled by doubts or hesitancy. The play, according to him, is the work of Marlowe, Greene or Kyd, Peele, Lodge, and Shakespeare. The portions assigned to each dramatist were in part at least determined by considerations of historical chronology. The time-limits of Marlowe's scenes are the years from 1422 to 1426 ; his work is found in Act I, Scenes i and iii, Act II, Scene v, and Act III, Scene i. Greene, or Kyd, dealt with events between 1427 and 1430 in Act I, Scenes ii, iv to vi, Act II, Scenes i to iii, Act III, Scene iv, and Act IV, Scene i : 'there can be no doubt,' Mr Fleay writes, 'that these scenes are all by one author,' and an author very far inferior to Marlowe. To Peele are somewhat doubtfully assigned Act III, Scenes ii and iii. Without hesitation Mr. Fleay gives the story of Joan of Arc, 1430-31, and the

Margaret match of 1443, to Lodge; that is to say, Act v, Scenes ii to v. Finally he attributes to Shakespeare, as an insertion in the original play, Act iv, Scenes ii to vii. 'The scene ii, iv,' he adds, 'has long been recognized as so far superior to the rest of the play as to be probably due to the hand of Shakespeare, at a later date [for such a date is indicated by the versification] c. 1597-8.' This scene of the plucking of the white and red roses does assuredly make us all cry out the name of Shakespeare; but it is right to warn the reader that Mr. Fleay's confidence in his own conjectures is not always proportioned to the evidence by which they are supported.

The most recent investigator of the problem of authorship was the editor of the play in 'The Arden Shakespeare,' the late Mr. H. C. Hart. He relied perhaps overmuch on evidence derived from the vocabulary of the several supposed authors. It is a little difficult to disentangle his conclusions from a mass of interesting writing, but the following is, I believe, not far from expressing his results: Act I, Scene i, Greene (rewritten by Shakespeare); ii, chiefly Greene (aided by Nashe?); iii, chiefly Greene; iv, Shakespeare (aided by Nashe?), v, Greene; vi, Greene (aided by Marlowe?); Act II, Scenes i to iii, Greene, but in ii, iii, retouched by Shakespeare; iv and v, Shakespeare. Act III, Scene i, Greene (revised by Shakespeare?); ii, Shakespeare; iii and iv, Greene. Act iv, Scene i to Scene v, Shakespeare; vi and vii, Greene, rewritten by Shakespeare, so that these scenes become substantially Shakespeare's down to vii, l. 50 (Enter Sir W. Lucy and French Herald); the rest of vii probably Greene. Act v, Scene i, Greene; ii, 'no room or substance for an opinion,' but probably not Shakespeare; iii, Greene, 'polished and smoothed and finished by Shakespeare;' iv, Shakespeare, influenced by Marlowe. 'At the end of Act v Peele may have helped. But Shakespeare wrote the last two scenes (iv and v), and seems to have made Margaret his own property.'

These conclusions are the results of laborious study, but for my own part I must admit that many of them seem to me, as Grant White put it, 'sheer conjecture.' I feel that the ascription of this or that scene to a particular author must be taken as no more than a guess, which may be far from the truth. And yet that Shakespeare wrote parts of the play I regard as certain; that he revised the whole seems to me highly questionable. I am content to adopt as my own the cautious statement of the late Mr. W. J. Craig: 'It is a play which the poet's "prentice-hand" had altered from an older one, grafting on that earlier stock a few passages only: the Talbot scenes (Act iv, Scenes ii and vii), that vigorous one in the Temple Garden, when the fateful roses are plucked (Act ii, Scene iv), and that touching one describing the deathbed interview in the Tower of London between the hapless Mortimer and his aspiring nephew, Richard Duke of York (Act ii, Scene v).' This statement may not include all the work of Shakespeare; if so, it errs on the safer side, that of caution. And it may be that the scene in the Temple Garden is a later addition than the rest, one which can hardly be described as coming from Shakespeare's 'prentice-hand'; but substantially the statement may be regarded, in my opinion, as trustworthy. Perhaps when revising the old plays on which the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI* are founded, Shakespeare rehandled in some degree the Margaret and Suffolk scenes of the present play, which carry on the story without interruption from the First to the Second Part. I venture to agree with those critics who believe that Greene was, in part at least, the original author. I fail to attain any real assurance of the presence here of Marlowe, Lodge, Nashe, or Peele.

For the story of the Countess of Auvergne's attempt to entrap Talbot—Act ii, Scene iii—no historical source is known. Mr. Hart believed that the scene bears evidence throughout of Shakespeare's hand, retouching Greene; it is ascribed to Greene or Kyd by Mr. Fleay.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, Great-uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, Great-uncle to the King; Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.

JOHN TALBOT, his Son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mayor of London. Mortimer's Keepers. A Lawyer.

VERNON, of the White-Rose, or York Faction.

BASSET, of the Red-Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant.

A Porter.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE.—Partly in England, and partly in France.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY THE FIFTH attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

BEDFORD. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night !

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars, 4
That have consented unto Henry's death !
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long !
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLOUCESTER. England ne'er had a king until his time. 8

Virtue he had, deserving to command :
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams ;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, 12
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech :
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered. 16

EXETER. We mourn in black : why mourn we not in blood ?

Henry is dead and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory 20
We with our stately presence glorify,

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What ! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ? 24
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end ?

WINCHESTER. He was a king bless'd of the King of
kings. 28

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
The church's prayers made him so prosperous. 32

GLOUCESTER. The church ! where is it ? Had not
churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe. 36

WINCHESTER. Gloucester, whate'er we like thou art
protector,

And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

GLOUCESTER. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the
flesh,

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

BEDFORD. Cease, cease these jars and rest your
minds in peace ! 44

Let's to the altar : heralds, wait on us :
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years, 48

When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth ! thy ghost I invoke : 52
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !

A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright— 56

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. My honourable lords, health to you all !

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

BEDFORD. What sayst thou, man, before dead
Henry's corse ?

Speak softly ; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death. 64

GLOUCESTER. Is Paris lost ? is Roan yielded up ?
If Henry were recall'd to life again
These news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

EXETER. How were they lost ? what treachery was
us'd ? 68

MESSENGER. No treachery ; but want of men and
money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions ;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought, 72
You are disputing of your generals.

One would have lingering wars with little cost ;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
A third thinks, without expense at all, 76
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility !

Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot :
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms ; 80
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

EXETER. Were our tears wanting to this funeral
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

BEDFORD. Me they concern ; Regent I am of
France. 84

Give me my steeled coat : I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes !
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries. 88

Enter another Messenger.

SECOND MESSENGER. Lords, view these letters, full
of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import :
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims ; 92
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd ;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

EXETER. The Dauphin crowned king ! all fly to
him ! 96

O ! whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

GLOUCESTER. We will not fly, but to our enemies'
throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

BEDFORD. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my
forwardness ? 100

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

THIRD MESSENGER. My gracious lords, to add to
your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse, 104
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

WINCHESTER. What ! wherein Talbot overcame ?
is't so ?

THIRD MESSENGER. O, no ! wherein Lord Talbot
was o'erthrown : 108

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop, 112
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men ;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers ; 116
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued ; 120
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him ;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew : 124
The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms ;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot ! A Talbot ! cried out amain, 128
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.
He, being in the vaward,—plac'd behind, 132
With purpose to relieve and follow them,—
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre ;
Enclosed were they with their enemies. 136
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140
BEDFORD. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd. 144
THIRD MESSENGER. O no ! he lives ; but is took
prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford :
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
BEDFORD. His ransom there is none but I shall pay :
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne ; 149
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend ;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I ; 152
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal :
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 156

THIRD MESSENGER. So you had need ; for Orleans is
besieg'd ;
The English army is grown weak and faint ;
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXETER. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke. 164

BEDFORD. I do remember it ; and here take my
leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

GLOUCESTER. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I
can,
To view the artillery and munition ; 168
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.

EXETER. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor ; 171
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.

WINCHESTER. Each hath his place and function to
attend :
I am left out ; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.
The king from Eltham I intend to steal, 176
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter Charles, with his Forces : ALENÇON, REIGNIER,
and Others.

CHARLES. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side ;
Now we are victors ; upon us he smiles. 4
What towns of any moment but we have ?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans ;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month. 8

ALENÇON. They want their porridge and their fat
bull-beeves :

Either they must be dieted like mules
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice. 12

REIGNIER. Let's raise the siege : why live we idly
here ?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall ; 16
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

CHARLES. Sound, sound alarum ! we will rush on
them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French !
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [Exeunt.

Alarums ; Excursions ; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter CHARLES,
ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

CHARLES. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I !
Dogs ! cowards ! dastards ! I would ne'er have fled
But that they left me 'midst my enemies. 24

REIGNIER. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
He fighteth as one weary of his life :
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey. 28

ALENÇON. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified ; 32
For none but Samsons and Goliases,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity ? 36

CHARLES. Let's leave this town ; for they are
hare-brain'd slaves.
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege. 40
REIGNIER. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

44

ALENÇON. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

THE BASTARD. Where's the prince Dauphin ? I have news for him.

CHARLES. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

THE BASTARD. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd :

48

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which by a vision sent to her from heaven

52

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;

56

What's past and what's to come she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,

For they are certain and unfallible.

CHARLES. Go, call her in. [Exit BASTARD.] But first, to try her skill,

60

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :

Question her proudly ; let thy looks be stern :

By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[Retires.

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN LA PUCELLE and Others.

REIGNIER. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats ?

64

JOAN. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?

Where is the Dauphin ? Come, come from behind ;

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :

68

In private will I talk with thee apart.

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

REIGNIER. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

JOAN. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. 73
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate :
Lo ! whilst I waited on my tender lambs, 76
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation 80
And free my country from calamity :
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success ;
In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
And, whereas I was black and swart before, 84
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible
And I will answer unpremeditated : 88
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate. 92

CHARLES. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ; 96
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

JOAN. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-
yard, 100
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

CHARLES. Then come, o' God's name ; I fear no woman.

JOAN. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[They fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes.

CHARLES. Stay, stay thy hands ! thou art an Amazon, 104

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

JOAN. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

CHARLES. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me :

Impatiently I burn with thy desire ; 108

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant and not sovereign be ;

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus. 112

JOAN. I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above :

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense. 116

CHARLES. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

REIGNIER. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

ALENÇON. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock ;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech. 120

REIGNIER. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

ALENÇON. He may mean more than we poor men do know :

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

REIGNIER. My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ? 124

Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

JOAN. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !

Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

CHARLES. What she says, I'll confirm : we'll fight it out. 128

JOAN. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars. 132

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends ; 136

Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

CHARLES. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ? 140
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth, 144
How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

ALENÇON. Leave off delays and let us raise the
siege.

REIGNIER. Woman, do what thou canst to save
our honours ;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortaliz'd. 148
CHARLES. Presently we'll try. Come, let's away
about it :

No prophet will I trust if she prove false. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—London. Before the Tower.

Enter at the Gates the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his Serving-
men, in blue coats.

GLOUCESTER. I am come to survey the Tower this
day ;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders that they wait not here ?
Open the gates ! 'Tis Gloucester that calls. 4

[Servants knock.

FIRST WARDER. [Within.] Who's there that knocks
so imperiously ?

FIRST SERVING-MAN. It is the noble Duke of
Gloucester.

SECOND WARDER. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you
may not be let in.

FIRST SERVING-MAN. Villains, answer you so the
Lord Protector ? 8

FIRST WARDER. [Within.] The Lord protect him !
so we answer him :

We do not otherwise than we are will'd.

GLOUCESTER. Who willed you ? or whose will stands
but mine ?

There's none protector of the realm but I. 12
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize :
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms ?

[GLOUCESTER'S Men rush at the Tower gates, and

WOODVILE the Lieutenant speaks within.

WOODVILE. What noise is this ? what traitors have
we here ?

GLOUCESTER. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice
I hear ? 16

Open the gates ! here's Gloucester that would enter.

WOODVILE. [Within.] Have patience, noble Duke ;
I may not open ;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids :

From him I have express commandment 20

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

GLOUCESTER. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him
'fore me ?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook ?

Thou art no friend to God or to the king : 25

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

FIRST SERVING-MAN. Open the gates unto the Lord
Protector ;

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Serving-men in tawny coats.

WINCHESTER. How now, ambitious Humphrey !
what means this ? 29

GLOUCESTER. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me
to be shut out ?

WINCHESTER. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm. 32

GLOUCESTER. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord ;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin :

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, 36
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

WINCHESTER. Nay, stand thou back ; I will not
budge a foot :

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,

To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. 40

GLOUCESTER. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back :

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth

I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

WINCHESTER. Do what thou dar'st ; I'll beard thee to thy face. 44

GLOUCESTER. What ! am I dar'd and bearded to my face ?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;

Blue coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard ;

[GLOUCESTER and his men attack the CARDINAL.

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly. 48

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,

In spite of pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

WINCHESTER. Gloucester, thou'lt answer this before the pope. 52

GLOUCESTER. Winchester goose ! I cry a rope ! a rope !

Now beat them hence ; why do you let them stay ?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.

Out, tawny coats ! out, scarlet hypocrite ! 56

Here GLOUCESTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

MAYOR. Fie, lords ! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace !

GLOUCESTER. Peace, mayor ! thou know'st little of my wrongs :

Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor King, 60

Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

WINCHESTER. Here 's Gloucester, a foe to citizens ;

One that still motions war and never peace,

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines, 64

That seeks to overthrow religion

Because he is protector of the realm,

And would have armour here out of the Tower,

To crown himself king and suppress the prince. 68

GLoucester. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.

MAYOR. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife

But to make open proclamation.

Come, officer : as loud as e'er thou canst ; 72
Cry.

OFFICER. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places ; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

GLoucester. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law ;
But we shall meet and break our minds at large. 81

WINCHESTER. Gloucester, we will meet ; to thy cost,
be sure :

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAYOR. I'll call for clubs if you will not away. 84
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

GLoucester. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what
thou mayst.

WINCHESTER. Abominable Gloucester ! guard thy
head ;

For I intend to have it ere long. 88

[Exeunt, severally, GLoucester and WINCHESTER,
with their Serving-men.

MAYOR. See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart.

Good God ! these nobles should such stomachs bear ;
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Boy.

MASTER-GUNNER. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans
is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

SON. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim. 4

MASTER-GUNNER. But now thou shalt not. Be thou
rul'd by me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me 8
How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,
Wont through a secret gate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage 12
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd 16
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;
And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. (Exit.

SON. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care ;
I'll never trouble you if I may spy them. (Exit.

Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT ;
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and
Others.

SALISBURY. Talbot, my life, my joy ! again return'd !
How wert thou handled being prisoner ? 24
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

TALBOT. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
(Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles ; 28
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man at arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me :
Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death 32
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O ! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart :
Whom with my bare fists I would execute 36
If I now had him brought into my power.

SALISBURY. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert enter-
tain'd.

TALBOT. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me, 40

To be a public spectacle to all :

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scarecrow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me, 44

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly.

None durst come near for fear of sudden death. 48

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant : 52

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute-while ;

And if I did but stir out of my bed

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart. 56

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

SALISBURY. I grieve to hear what torments you
endur'd ;

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans :

Here, through this grate, I count each one, 60

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify :

Let us look in ; the sight will much delight thee.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions 64

Where is best place to make our battery next.

GARGRAVE. I think at the North gate ; for there
stand lords.

GLANSDALE. And I, here, at the bulwark of the
bridge.

TALBOT. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled. 69

[Here they shoot. SALISBURY and SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE fall.

SALISBURY. O Lord ! have mercy on us, wretched
sinners.

GARGRAVE. O Lord ! have mercy on me, woeful man.

TALBOT. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us ? 72

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak :

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off !

Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand 76

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy !

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars ;

Whilst any trump did sound or drum struck up, 80

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury ? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace :

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. 84

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive.

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands !

Bear hence his body ; I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life ? 88

Speak unto Talbot ; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort ;

Thou shalt not die, whiles—

He beckons with his hand and smiles on me. 92

As who should say, ' When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French.'

Plantagenet, I will ; and like thee, Nero,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn : 96

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[It thunders and lightens. An alarm.

What stir is this ? What tumult 's in the heavens ?

Whence cometh this alarm and the noise ?

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. My lord, my lord ! the French have gather'd head : 100

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd.

A holy prophetess new risen up

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans.

TALBOT. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth
groan ! 104

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you :
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels 108
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.]

SCENE V.—The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. Enter TALBOT, pursuing the DAUPHIN ;
drives him in, and exit : then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE,
driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them. Then
re-enter TALBOT.

TALBOT. Where is my strength, my valour, and my
force ?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them ;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee : 4
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee :
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

JOAN. Come, come ; 'tis only I that must disgrace
thee. [They fight.]

TALBOT. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail ?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet. 12

[They fight again.]

JOAN. Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come :
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short alarum ; then LA PUCELLE enters
the town with Soldiers.]

O'ertake me if thou canst ; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men ; 16

Help Salisbury to make his testament :

This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[Exit.

TALBOT. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel ;

I know not where I am, nor what I do :

20

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists :

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away.

24

They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs ;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,

Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;

28

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :

Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,

Or horse or oxen from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

32

[Alarum. Another skirmish.

It will not be : retire into your trenches :

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is entered into Orleans

36

In spite of us or aught that we could do.

O ! would I were to die with Salisbury.

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces, &c.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

JOAN. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English :

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

CHARLES. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter, 4

How shall I honour thee for this success ?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,

That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

France, triumph in thy glorious propheticess !

8

Recover'd is the town of Orleans :
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

REIGNIER. Why ring not out the bells throughout
 the town ?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires 12
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALENÇON. All France will be replete with mirth and
 joy.

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men. 16

CHARLES. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is
 won ;

For which I will divide my crown with her ;
 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
 Than Rhodope's or Memphis ever was :
 In memory of her when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious 24
 Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,

Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on Saint Denis will we cry, 28

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 Come in, and let us banquet royally,
 After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Orleans.

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

SERGEANT. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
 If any noise or soldier you perceive
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard. 4

FIRST SENTINEL. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.

Thus are poor servitors—
 When others sleep upon their quiet beds—
 Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

TALBOT. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy, 8
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted : 12
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

BEDFORD. Coward of France ! how much he wrongs
his fame, 16

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell !

BURGUNDY. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure ? 20

TALBOT. A maid, they say.

BEDFORD. A maid, and be so martial !

BURGUNDY. Pray God she prove not masculine ere
long ;

If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun. 24

TALBOT. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits ;

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

BEDFORD. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow
thee. 28

TALBOT. Not all together : better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force. 32

BEDFORD. Agreed : I'll to yond corner.

BURGUNDY. And I to this.

TALBOT. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear. 36

How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the walls, crying, 'Saint George !

'A Talbot !' and all enter the town.

FIRST SENTINEL. Arm, arm ! the enemy doth make assault !

The French leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

ALENÇON. How now, my lords ! what ! all unready so ?

THE BASTARD. Unready ! ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well. 40

REIGNIER. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

ALENÇON. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise 44

More venturous or desperate than this.

THE BASTARD. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIGNIER. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

ALENÇON. Here cometh Charles : I marvel how he sped. 48

THE BASTARD. Tut ! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE.

CHARLES. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame ? Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain, 52

That now our loss might be ten times so much ?

JOAN. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend ?

At all times will you have my power alike ?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail, 56

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me ?

Improvident soldiers ! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHARLES. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night, 61
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

ALENÇON. Had all your quarters been so safely kept
As that whereof I had the government, 64
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

THE BASTARD. Mine was secure.

REIGNIER. And so was mine, my lord.

CHARLES. And for myself, most part of all this
night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct 68
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels :

Then how or which way should they first break in ?

JOAN. Question, my lords, no further of the case, 72
How or which way : 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this ;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd, 76
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, 'A Talbot ! a
Talbot !' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

SOLDIER. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword ;
For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and Others.

BEDFORD. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

TALBOT. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury, 4
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul ;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him 8
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect 12
A tomb wherein his corse shall be interr'd :
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death, 16
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, 20
Nor any of his false confederates.

BEDFORD. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight
began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
'They did amongst the troops of armed men 24
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BURGUNDY. Myself—as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night—
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull, 28
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here, 32
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. All hail, my lords ! Which of this
princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France ? 36

TALBOT. Here is the Talbot : who would speak with
him ?

MESSENGER. The virtuous lady, Countess of Au-
vergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe 40
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BURGUNDY. Is it even so ? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport, 45
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TALBOT. Ne'er trust me then ; for when a world of
men 48

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd :
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her. 52
Will not your honours bear me company ?

BEDFORD. No, truly ; it is more than manners will ;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone. 56

TALBOT. Well then, alone,—since there's no
remedy,—

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [Whispers.] You perceive my
mind.

CAPTAIN. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. 60
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

COUNTESS. Porter, remember what I gave in charge ;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

PORTER. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

COUNTESS. The plot is laid : if all things fall out
right, 4

I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account : 8
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

MESSENGER. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come. 12

COUNTESS. And he is welcome. What ! is this the man ?

MESSENGER. Madam, it is.

COUNTESS. Is this the scourge of France ?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad, 16
That with his name the mothers still their babes ?
I see report is fabulous and false :

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect, 20
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas ! this is a child, a silly dwarf :
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies. 24

TALBOT. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you ;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

COUNTESS. What means he now ? Go ask him whither
he goes. 28

MESSENGER. Stay, my Lord Talbot, for my lady
craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
TALBOT. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here. 32

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

COUNTESS. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

TALBOT. Prisoner ! to whom ?

COUNTESS. To me, blood-thirsty lord ;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me, 36
For in my gallery thy picture hangs :
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years 40
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

TALBOT. Ha, ha, ha !

COUNTESS. Laughest thou, wretch ? thy mirth shall
turn to moan. 44

TALBOT. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond

To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

COUNTESS. Why, art not thou the man ?

TALBOT. I am, indeed. 48

COUNTESS. Then have I substance too.

TALBOT. No, no, I am but shadow of myself :

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here ;
For what you see is but the smallest part 52
And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it. 56

COUNTESS. This is a riddling merchant for the
nonce ;

He will be here, and yet he is not here :
How can these contrarieties agree ?

TALBOT. That will I show you presently. 60

He winds a horn. Drums strike up ; a peal of ordnance. The
Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam ? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself ?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks, 64
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

COUNTESS. Victorious Talbot ! pardon my abuse :
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited, 68
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath ;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art. 72

TALBOT. Be not dismay'd, fair lady ; nor misconster
The mind of Talbot as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me ; 76
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have ;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well. 80

COUNTESS. With all my heart, and think me
honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the EARLS of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK ;
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and a Lawyer.

PLANTAGENET. Great lords, and gentlemen, what
means this silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

SUFFOLK. Within the Temple hall we were too loud ;
The garden here is more convenient. 4

PLANTAGENET. Then say at once if I maintained the
truth,

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error ?

SUFFOLK. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it ; 8
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

SOMERSET. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,
between us.

WARWICK. Between two hawks, which flies the
higher pitch ;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth ; 12
Between two blades, which bears the better temper ;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best ;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye ;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment ; 16
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLANTAGENET. Tut, tut ! here is a mannerly for-
bearance :

The truth appears so naked on my side, 20
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOMERSET. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye. 24

PLANTAGENET. Since you are tongue-tied, and so
loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :

Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth, 28
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

SOMERSET. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth, 32
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WARWICK. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery

I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet. 36

SUFFOLK. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset :
And say withal I think he held the right.

VERNON. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,

Till you conclude that he, upon whose side 40
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOMERSET. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected :
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence. 44

PLANTAGENET. And I.

VERNON. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side. 48

SOMERSET. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

VERNON. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed, 52
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

SOMERSET. Well, well, come on : who else ?

LAWYER. [To SOMERSET.] Unless my study and my books be false, 56

The argument you held was wrong in you,
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

PLANTAGENET. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

SOMERSET. Here, in my scabbard ; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. 62

PLANTAGENET. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses ;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

SOMERSET. No, Plantagenet, 64
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses.
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLANTAGENET. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ? 68

SOMERSET. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

PLANTAGENET. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain
his truth ;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

SOMERSET. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses, 72

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

PLANTAGENET. Now, by this maiden blossom in my
hand,

I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy. 76

SUFFOLK. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

PLANTAGENET. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both
him and thee.

SUFFOLK. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

SOMERSET. Away, away ! good William de la Pole :
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him. 81

WARWICK. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset :

His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, King of England. 84
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

PLANTAGENET. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

SOMERSET. By him that made me, I'll maintain my
words 88

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days ?

And, by his treason stand'st not thou attainted, 92

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry ?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood ;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

PLANTAGENET. My father was attached, not at-
tainted ; 96

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself, 100
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension :
Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

SOMERSET. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee
still, 104

And know us by these colours for thy foes ;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

PLANTAGENET. And, by my soul, this pale and angry
rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, 108
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

SUFFOLK. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy
ambition : 112

And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exit.

SOMERSET. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, am-
bitious Richard. [Exit.

PLANTAGENET. How I am brav'd and must perforce
endure it !

WARWICK. This blot that they object against your
house 116

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120
Meantime in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy : this brawl to-day, 124
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,

Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLANTAGENET. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to
you, 128

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VERNON. In your behalf still would I wear the same.

LAWYER. And so will I.

PLANTAGENET. Thanks, gentle sir. 132

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say

This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Gaolers.

MORTIMER. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.

Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment ; 4

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent, 8
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent ;

Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground : 12

Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have. 16

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

FIRST KEEPER. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will
come :

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber.
And answer was return'd that he will come. 20

MORTIMER. Enough : my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms, 24

This loathsome sequestration have I had ;

And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs, 28
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence :
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost. 32

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

FIRST KEEPER. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MORTIMER. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come ?

PLANTAGENET. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despid Richard, comes. 36

MORTIMER. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :
O ! tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. 40
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despid ?

PLANTAGENET. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm ;

And in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease. 44

This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;
Among which terms he us'd a lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death : 48
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet, 52

And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MORTIMER. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,

And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth 56
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

PLANTAGENET. Discover more at large what cause that was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess. 60

MORTIMER. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son, 64

The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :

During whose reign the Percies of the North,
Finding his usurpation most unjust, 68

Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this

Was, for that—young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body— 72

I was the next by birth and parentage ;
For by my mother I derived am

From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third ; whereas he 76

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark : as, in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir, 80

I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth

Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd 84

From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,

Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem 88

And have install'd me in the diadem ;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,

And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd. 92

PLANTAGENET. Of which, my lord, your honour is
the last.

MORTIMER. True ; and thou seest that I no issue
have,

And that my fainting words do warrant death :

Thou art my heir ; the rest I wish thee gather : 96
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

PLANTAGENET. Thy grave admonishments prevail
with me.

But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100

MORTIMER. With silence, nephew, be thou politic :
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence, 104
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

PLANTAGENET. O uncle ! would some part of my
young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age. 108

MORTIMER. Thou dost then wrong me,—as the
slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.—
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
Only give order for my funeral : 112
And so farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war ! [Dies.

PLANTAGENET. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
soul !
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage, 116
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself 120
Will see his burial better than his life.

[Exeunt Keepers, bearing out the body of MORTIMER.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries, 124
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress ;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood, 128
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament House.

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and Others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

WINCHESTER. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
 With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
 Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
 Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge, 4
 Do it without invention, suddenly;
 As I, with sudden and extemporal speech
 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

GLOUCESTER. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience 8
 Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
 Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able 12
 Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
 No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride. 16
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession and degree; 20
 And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life
 As well at London Bridge as at the Tower.
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted, 24
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

WINCHESTER. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply. 28

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor ?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling ? 32
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd ?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends ;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke : 36
It is, because no one should sway but he ;
No one but he should be about the king ;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth. 40
But he shall know I am as good—

GLOUCESTER. As good !

Thou bastard of my grandfather !

WINCHESTER. Ay, lordly sir ; for what are you, I
pray,

But one imperious in another's throne ? 44

GLOUCESTER. Am I not protector, saucy priest ?

WINCHESTER. And am not I a prelate of the church ?

GLOUCESTER. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft. 48

WINCHESTER. Unreverent Gloucester !

GLOUCESTER. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WINCHESTER. Rome shall remedy this.

WARWICK. Roam thither then.

SOMERSET. My lord, it were your duty to forbear. 52

WARWICK. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

SOMERSET. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

WARWICK. Methinks his lordship should be humbler ;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead. 57

SOMERSET. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so
near.

WARWICK. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that ?
Is not his Grace protector to the king ? 60

PLANTAGENET. [Aside.] Plantagenet, I see, must hold
his tongue,
Lest it be said, ' Speak, sirrah, when you should ;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords ?'

Else would I have a fling at Winchester. 64

KING HENRY. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,

The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity. 68

O ! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm, 72
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[A noise within ; 'Down with the tawny coats !'
What tumult's this ?

WARWICK. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[A noise again within ; 'Stones ! Stones !'

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

MAYOR. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry, 76
Pity the city of London, pity us !

The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones, 80
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out :
Our windows are broke down in every street, 84
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men of GLOUCESTER and
WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.

KING HENRY. We charge you, on allegiance to our-
self,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.—
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife. 88

FIRST SERVING-MAN. Nay, if we be forbidden stones,
we'll fall to it with our teeth.

SECOND SERVING-MAN. Do what ye dare, we are as
resolute. [Skirmish again.

GLOUCESTER. You of my household, leave this
peevish broil, 92
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

THIRD SERVING-MAN. My lord, we know your Grace
to be a man

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty ; 96
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight, 100
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

FIRST SERVING-MAN. Ay, and the very parings of our
nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Skirmish again.

GLOUCESTER. Stay, stay, I say !
And, if you love me, as you say you do, 104
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

KING HENRY. O ! how this discord doth afflict my
soul !

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent ? 108
Who should be pitiful if you be not ?
Or who should study to prefer a peace
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

WARWICK. Yield, my Lord Protector ; yield, Win-
chester ; 112

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity : 116
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

WINCHESTER. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

GLOUCESTER. Compassion on the king commands
me stoop ;

Or I would see his heart out ere the priest 120
Should ever get that privilege of me.

WARWICK. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear : 124

Why look you still so stern and tragical ?

GLoucester. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

KING HENRY. Fie, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin ; 128

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,

But prove a chief offender in the same ?

WARWICK. Sweet king ! the bishop hath a kindly gird.

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent ! 132

What ! shall a child instruct you what to do ?

WINCHESTER. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee ;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

GLoucester. [Aside.] Ay ; but I fear me, with a hollow heart. 136

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,

This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not ! 140

WINCHESTER. [Aside.] So help me God, as I intend it not !

KING HENRY. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,

How joyful am I made by this contract !

Away, my masters ! trouble us no more ; 144

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

FIRST SERVING-MAN. Content : I'll to the surgeon's.

SECOND SERVING-MAN. And so will I.

THIRD SERVING-MAN. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [Exeunt Mayor, Serving-men, &c.]

WARWICK. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign, 148

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet

We do exhibit to your majesty.

GLoucester. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick : for, sweet prince,

An if your Grace mark every circumstance, 152

You have great reason to do Richard right ;

Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

KING HENRY. And those occasions, uncle, were of
force : 156

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

WARWICK. Let Richard be restored to his blood ;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd. 160

WINCHESTER. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

KING HENRY. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York, 164
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

PLANTAGENET. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service till the point of death.

KING HENRY. Stoop then and set your knee against
my foot ; 168

And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York :
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York. 172

PLANTAGENET. And so thrive Richard as thy foes
may fall !

And as my duty springs, so perish they
'That grudge one thought against your majesty !

ALL. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of
York ! 176

SOMERSET. [Aside.] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke
of York !

GLOUCESTER. Now, will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love 180
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

KING HENRY. When Gloucester says the word, King
Henry goes ;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes. 184

GLOUCESTER. Your ships already are in readiness.

[Flourish. Exeunt all except EXETER.

EXETER. Ay, we may march in England or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
 This late dissension grown betwixt the peers 188
 Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
 And will at last break out into a flame :
 As fester'd members rot but by degree,
 Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away, 192
 So will this base and envious discord breed.
 And now I fear that fatal prophecy
 Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe ; 196
 That Henry born at Monmouth should win all ;
 And Henry born at Windsor should lose all :
 Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
 His days may finish ere that hapless time. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Before¹ Roan.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, disguised, and Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

JOAN. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
 Through which our policy must make a breach :
 Take heed, be wary how you place your words ;
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men 4
 That come to gather money for their corn.
 If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends, 8
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

FIRST SOLDIER. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack
 the city,
 And we be lords and rulers over Roan ;
 Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.

GUARD. [Within.] Qui est là ? 13

JOAN. Paysans, pauvres gens de France :
 Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

GUARD. [Opening the gates.] Enter, go in; the market-
 bell is rung. 16

JOAN. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
 ground. [JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c., enter the city.

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Forces.

CHARLES. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem !
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

THE BASTARD. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practitioners ; 20

Now she is there how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

ALENÇON. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;

Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is, 24
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.

JOAN. Behold ! this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Roan unto her countrymen, 27
But burning fatal to the Talbotites ! [Exit.

THE BASTARD. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

CHARLES. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes ! 32

ALENÇON. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends ;

Enter and cry ' The Dauphin ! ' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[They enter the town.

Alarum. Enter TALBOT in an Excursion.

TALBOT. France, thou shalt rue this treason with
thy tears, 36

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,

That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. [Exit.

Alarum : Excursions. Enter from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Others.

JOAN. Good morrow, gallants ! Want ye corn for bread ?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of darnel ; do you like the taste ? 44

BURGUNDY. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless
courtezan !

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

CHARLES. Your Grace may starve perhaps before
that time. 48

BEDFORD. O ! let no words, but deeds, revenge this
treason !

JOAN. What will you do, good grey-beard ? break
a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

TALBOT. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours ! 53

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again, 56
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

JOAN. Are you so hot, sir ? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy
peace ;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[TALBOT and the rest consult together.]

God speed the parliament ! who shall be the speaker ? 60

TALBOT. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field ?

JOAN. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

TALBOT. I speak not to that railing Hecate, 64
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest ;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

ALENÇON. Signior, no.

TALBOT. Signior, hang ! base muleters of France ! 68

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

JOAN. Away, captains ! let's get us from the walls :
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks. 72
God be wi' you, my lord ! we came but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt* JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c., from the Walls.

TALBOT. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame ! 76
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,—
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,—
Either to get the town again, or die ;
And I, as sure as English Henry lives, 80
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-Lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die. 84

BURGUNDY. My vows are equal partners with thy
VOWS.

TALBOT. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince.
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place, 88
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

BEDFORD. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me :
Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal or woe. 92

BURGUNDY. Courageous Bedford, let us now per-
suade you.

BEDFORD. Not to be gone from hence : for once
I read

That stout Pendragon in his litter, sick,
Came to the field and vanquished his foes : 96
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

TALBOT. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast !
Then be it so : heavens keep old Bedford safe ! 100
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* all but BEDFORD and Attendants.

Alarum : Excursions ; in one of which, enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.

CAPTAIN. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste ? 104

FASTOLFE. Whither away ! to save myself by flight : We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAPTAIN. What ! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot ?

FASTOLFE. Ay, All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [Exit.

CAPTAIN. Cowardly knight ! ill fortune follow thee ! [Exit.

Retreat : Excursions. Re-enter, from the town, JOAN LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and exeunt, flying.

BEDFORD. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man ? 112

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his chair.

Alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and Others.

TALBOT. Lost, and recover'd in a day again !
This is a double honour, Burgundy : 116
Yet heavens have glory for this victory !

BURGUNDY. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monument. 120

TALBOT. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now ?

I think her old familiar is asleep.

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks ?

What ! all amort ? Roan hangs her head for grief, 124
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the king ; 128
 For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

BURGUNDY. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

TALBOT. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
 The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd, 132
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan :
 A braver soldier never couched lance,
 A gentler heart did never sway in court ;
 But kings and mightiest potentates must die, 136
 For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Plains near Roan.

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

JOAN. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
 Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered :
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
 For things that are not to be remedied. 4
 Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
 And like a peacock sweep along his tail ;
 We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
 If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd. 8

CHARLES. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
 And of thy cunning had no diffidence :
 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

THE BASTARD. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
 And we will make thee famous through the world. 13

ALENÇON. We'll set thy statue in some holy place
 And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint :
 Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good. 16

JOAN. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :
 By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
 We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
 To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20

CHARLES. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
 France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
 Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
 But be extirped from our provinces. 24

ALENÇON. For ever should they be expuls'd from
France,

And not have title of an earldom here.

JOAN. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end. 28

[Drums heard afar off.]

Hark ! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT
and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him. 32

A French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and his Forces.
Now in the rearward comes the duke and his :
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.

Summon a parley ; we will talk with him. [A parley.]

CHARLES. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy ! 36

BURGUNDY. Who craves a parley with the Bur-
gundy ?

JOAN. The princely Charles of France, thy country-
man.

BURGUNDY. What sayst thou, Charles ? for I am
marching hence.

CHARLES. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy
words. 40

JOAN. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France !
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BURGUNDY. Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

JOAN. Look on thy country, look on fertile France.
And see the cities and the towns defac'd 45
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes. 48

See, see the pining malady of France ;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds.
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.

O ! turn thy edged sword another way ; 52
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore :
Return thee therefore, with a flood of tears, 56
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

BURGUNDY. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

JOAN. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, 60

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake ?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France, 64

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive ?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof, 68

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe,

And was he not in England prisoner ?

But when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free, without his ransom paid, 72

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen !

And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.

Come, come, return ; return, thou wand'ring lord ; 76

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

BURGUNDY. I am vanquished ; these haughty words
of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees. 80

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen !

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace :

My forces and my power of men are yours.

So, farewell, Talbot ; I'll no longer trust thee. 84

JOAN. Done like a Frenchman : turn, and turn
again !

CHARLES. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship
makes us fresh.

THE BASTARD. And doth beget new courage in our
breasts.

ALENÇON. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in
this, 88

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHARLES. Now let us on, my lords, and join our
powers :

And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK,
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER ; VERNON, BASSET,
and Others. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT.

TALBOT. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign : 4
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,— 8
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet, [Kneels.
And with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace. 12

KING HENRY. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Glou-
cester,
That hath so long been resident in France ?

GLOUCESTER. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

KING HENRY. Welcome, brave captain and victorious
lord ! 16

When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth, 20
Your faithful service and your toil in war ;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face : 24
Therefore, stand up ; and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury ;

And in our coronation take your place.

[Flourish. Exeunt all but VERNON and BASSET.

VERNON. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear 29
In honour of my noble Lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st ?

BASSET. Yes, sir : as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue 33
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

VERNON. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BASSET. Why, what is he ? as good a man as York.

VERNON. Hark ye ; not so : in witness, take ye
that. [Strikes him.

BASSET. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is
such

That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. 40
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

VERNON. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as
you ; 44

And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room of State.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK,
SOMERSET, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TAL-
BOT, the Governor of Paris, and Others.

GLOUCESTER. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his
head.

WINCHESTER. God save King Henry, of that name
the sixth.

GLOUCESTER. Now, Governor of Paris, take your
oath,— [Governor kneels.

That you elect no other king but him, 4
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state :

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

8

[Exeunt Governor and his Train.

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

FASTOLFE. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy. 12

TALBOT. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee !

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg ; [Plucking it off.

Which I have done, because unworthily 16

Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :

This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong, 20

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met or that a stroke was given,

Like to a trusty squire did run away :

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ; 24

Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,

Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear 28

This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no ?

GLOUCESTER. To say the truth, this fact was infamous

And ill beseeming any common man,

Much more a knight, a captain and a leader. 32

TALBOT. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth,

Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars ; 36

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort

Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, 40

Profaning this most honourable order ;
And should—if I were worthy to be judge—
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood. 44

KING HENRY. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st
thy doom.

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[Exit FASTOLFE.]

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter 48
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

GLOUCESTER. [Viewing superscription.] What means his
Grace, that he hath chang'd his style ?
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the King !'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign ? 52
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will ?
What's here ? 'I have, upon especial cause,
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack, 56
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.' 60
O monstrous treachery ! Can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile ?

KING HENRY. What ! doth my uncle Burgundy
revolt ? 64

GLOUCESTER. He doth, my lord, and is become your
foe.

KING HENRY. Is that the worst this letter doth con-
tain ?

GLOUCESTER. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he
writes.

KING HENRY. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk
with him, 68

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord ? are you not content ?

TALBOT. Content, my liege ! Yes : but that I am
prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd. 72

KING HENRY. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight :

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

TALBOT. I go, my lord ; in heart desiring still 76
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

VERNON. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

BASSET. And me, my lord ; grant me the combat too !

YORK. This is my servant : hear him, noble prince!

SOMERSET. And this is mine : sweet Henry, favour him ! 81

KING HENRY. Be patient, lords ; and give them leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim ?

And wherefore crave you combat ? or with whom ? 84

VERNON. With him, my lord ; for he hath done me wrong.

BASSET. And I with him ; for he hath done me wrong.

KING HENRY. What is that wrong whereof you both complain ?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you. 88

BASSET. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear ;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves 92

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

About a certain question in the law

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him ; 96

With other vile and ignominious terms :

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

VERNON. And that is my petition, noble lord :
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit,

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ; 104
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

YORK. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ? 108

SOMERSET. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,
will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

KING HENRY. Good Lord ! what madness rules in
brainsick men,

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause, 112

Such factious emulations shall arise !

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK. Let this dissension first be tried by fight, 116

And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOMERSET. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

YORK. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset. 120

VERNON. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BASSET. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

GLOUCESTER. Confirm it so ! Confounded be your
strife !

And perish ye, with your audacious prate ! 124

Presumptuous vassals ! are you not asham'd,

With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us ?—

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well 128

To bear with their perverse objections ;

Much less to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves :

Let me persuade you take a better course. 132

EXETER. It grieves his highness : good my lords,
be friends.

KING HENRY. Come hither, you that would be com-
batants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause. 136

And you, my lords, remember where we are ;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
 If they perceive dissension in our looks,
 And that within ourselves we disagree, 140
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel !
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified 144
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France !
 O ! think upon the conquest of my father, 148
 My tender years, and let us not forego
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood !
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [Putting on a red rose.
 That any one should therefore be suspicious 153
 I more incline to Somerset than York :
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown, 156
 Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France :
 And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite 164
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;
 And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies. 168
 Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
 After some respite will return to Calais ;
 From thence to England ; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories, 172
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. Exeunt all but YORK, WARWICK,
 EXETER, and VERNON.

WARWICK. My Lord of York, I promise you, the
 king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

YORK. And so he did ; but yet I like it not, 176
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

WARWICK. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

YORK. An if I wist he did,—But let it rest ; 180
Other affairs must now be managed.

[EXEUNT YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.]

EXETER. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice ;

For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there 184

More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.

But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility, 188

This shouldering of each other in the court,

This factious bandying of their favourites,

But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands ; 192

But more, when envy breeds unkind division :

There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

TALBOT. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter ;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General
of the French Forces, and Others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England ; 4

And thus he would : Open your city gates,

Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,

And do him homage as obedient subjects,

And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power ; 8

But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,

You tempt the fury of my three attendants,

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
Who in a moment even with the earth 12
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

GENERAL. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge ! 16
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death ;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight : 20
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight ; 24
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament, 28
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo ! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit : 32
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal ;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour, 36
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum afar off.

Hark ! hark ! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul ; 40
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, &c., from the Walls.

TALBOT. He fables not ; I hear the enemy :
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O ! negligent and heedless discipline ; 44
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !
If we be English deer, be then in blood ; 48

Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay : 52
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight ! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, with Forces ; to him a Messenger.

YORK. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

MESSENGER. They are return'd, my lord ; and give
it out

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power, 4
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for
Bourdeaux. 8

YORK. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege !
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid, 12
And I am louted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity !
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France. 16

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 20
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! To Bourdeaux, York !
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

YORK. O God ! that Somerset, who in proud heart

Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place ; 25
 So should we save a valiant gentleman
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
 Mad ire and wrathful fury, make me weep 28
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY. O ! send some succour to the distress'd lord.

YORK. He dies, we lose ; I break my warlike word ;
 We mourn, France smiles ; we lose, they daily get ; 32
 All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

LUCY. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's
 soul ;

And on his son young John, whom two hours since
 I met in travel toward his warlike father. 36

This seven years did not Talbot see his son ;
 And now they meet where both their lives are done.

YORK. Alas ! what joy shall noble Talbot have
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave ? 40

Away ! vexation almost stops my breath
 That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy, farewell : no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. 44

Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
 'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[Exit, with his Soldiers.

LUCY. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders, 48

Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss

The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,

That ever living man of memory,

Henry the Fifth : Whiles they each other cross, 52

Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Other Plains in Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, with his Army ; a Captain of TALBOT'S with
 him.

SOMERSET. It is too late ; I cannot send them
 now :

This expedition was by York and Talbot
 Too rashly plotted : all our general force

Might with a sally of the very town 4
Be buckled with : the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure :
York set him on to fight and die in shame, 8
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

CAPTAIN. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SOMERSET. How now, Sir William ! whither were
you sent ? 12

LUCY. Whither, my lord ? from bought and sold
Lord Talbot ;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions : 16
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, 20
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman, 24
Yields up his life unto a world of odds :
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default. 28

SOMERSET. York set him on ; York should have
sent him aid.

LUCY. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims ;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host
Collected for this expedition. 32

SOMERSET. York lies ; he might have sent and had
the horse :

I owe him little duty, and less love :
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

LUCY. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot. 37

Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

SOMERSET. Come, go ; I will dispatch the horsemen
straight : 40

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY. Too late comes rescue : he is ta'en or slain,
For fly he could not if he would have fled ;

And fly would Talbot never, though he might. 44

SOMERSET. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu !

LUCY. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

TALBOT. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs 4
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars !
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger : 8

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight : come, dally not, be gone.

JOHN. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son ? 12
And shall I fly ? O ! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me :
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood 16
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

TALBOT. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

TALBOT. If we both stay, we both are sure to die. 20

JOHN. Then let me stay ; and, father, do you fly :
Your loss is great, so your regard should be ;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast ; 24
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;
But mine it will that no exploit have done :
You fled for vantage everyone will swear ; 28
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality, 32
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

TALBOT. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one
tomb ?

JOHN. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
womb.

TALBOT. Upon my blessing I command thee go. 36

JOHN. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TALBOT. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

JOHN. No part of him but will be shame in me.

TALBOT. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not
lose it. 40

JOHN. Yes, your renowned name : shall flight abuse
it ?

TALBOT. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from
that stain.

JOHN. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly. 44

TALBOT. And leave my followers here to fight and
die ?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN. And shall my youth be guilty of such
blame ?

No more can I be sever'd from your side 48

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;

For live I will not if my father die.

TALBOT. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon. 53

Come, side by side together live and die,

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle.

Alarum : Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemmed about,
and TALBOT rescues him.

TALBOT. Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers,
fight !

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot ? Pause, and take thy breath : 4
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

JOHN. O ! twice my father, twice am I thy son :
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate, 8
To my determin'd time thou gavest new date.

TALBOT. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age, 12
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans,—that drew blood 16
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight,—I soon encountered
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace, 20
Bespoke him thus, ' Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy ' : 24
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John ? How dost thou fare ?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly, 28
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead ;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O ! too much folly is it, well I wot, 32
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :
 By me they nothing gain an if I stay ; 36
 'Tis but the shortening of my life one day.
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
 All these and more we hazard by thy stay ; 40
 All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart ;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame, 44
 To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die
 And like me to the peasant boys of France, 48
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance !
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son :
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot ; 52
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TALBOT. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet :
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side, 56
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum : Excursions. Enter Old TALBOT, wounded, led by a Servant.

TALBOT. Where is my other life ?—mine own is gone ;—
 O ! where 's young Talbot ? where is valiant John ?
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee. 4
 When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And like a hungry lion did commence
 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience ; 8
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,

Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
 Suddenly made him from my side to start 12
 Into the clustering battle of the French ;
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His overmounting spirit ; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride. 16

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of Young TALBOT.

SERVANT. O, my dear lord ! lo, where your son is
 borne !

TALBOT. Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us here
 to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.

O ! thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath ; 24
 Brave death by speaking whether he will or no ;
 Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day. 28
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms :
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [Dies.

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies.
 Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, the BASTARD OF
 ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

CHARLES. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

THE BASTARD. How the young whelp of Talbot's,
 raging-wood,
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood ! 36

JOAN. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said :
 'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid' :
 But with a proud majestical high scorn,
 He answer'd thus : 'Young Talbot was not born 40

To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

BURGUNDY. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight ; 44

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

THE BASTARD. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder. 48

CHARLES. O, no ! forbear ; for that which we have
fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended : a French Herald preceding.

LUCY. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day. 52

CHARLES. On what submissive message art thou
sent ?

LUCY. Submission, Dauphin ! 'tis a mere French
word ;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en, 56
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

CHARLES. For prisoners ask'st thou ? hell our
prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

LUCY. Where is the great Alcides of the field, 60
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury ?

Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence ;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield, 64

Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge ;

Knight of the noble order of Saint George, 68
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece ;

Great mareschal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France ?

JOAN. Here is a silly stately style indeed ! 72

The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet. 76

LUCY. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis ?
O ! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces ! 80
O ! that I could but call these dead to life !

It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here
It would amaze the proudest of you all. 84

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

JOAN. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit. 88
For God's sake, let him have 'em ; to keep them here
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

CHARLES. Go, take their bodies hence.

LUCY. I'll bear them hence :
But from their ashes shall be rear'd 92
A phoenix that shall make all France afear'd.

CHARLES. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein :
All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.

KING HENRY. Have you perus'd the letters from the
pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac ?

GLOUCESTER. I have, my lord ; and their intent is
this :

They humbly sue unto your excellence 4
To have a godly peace concluded of

Between the realms of England and of France.

KING HENRY. How doth your Grace affect their motion ?

GLOUCESTER. Well, my good lord ; and as the only means 8

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

KING HENRY. Ay, marry, uncle ; for I always thought

It was both impious and unnatural 12
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

GLOUCESTER. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity, 16
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. 20

KING HENRY. Marriage, uncle ! alas ! my years are
young,
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors ; and, as you please, 24
So let them have their answers every one :
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, now
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, and habited accordingly.

EXETER. [Aside.] What ! is my Lord of Winchester
install'd, 28

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree ?
Then, I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy, —
' If once he come to be a cardinal, 32
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

KING HENRY. My lords ambassadors, your several
suits
Have been consider'd, and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable ; 36

And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace ;
 Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
 Shall be transported presently to France. 40

GLOUCESTER. And for the proffer of my lord your
 master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large,
 As,—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
 Her beauty, and the value of her dower,— 44
 He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

KING HENRY. [To the Ambassador.] In argument and
 proof of which contract,
 Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
 And so, my lord protector, see them guarded, 48
 And safely brought to Dover ; where inshipp'd
 Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exit KING HENRY and Train ; GLOUCESTER,
 EXETER, and Ambassadors.]

CARDINAL. Stay, my lord legate : you shall first
 receive

The sum of money which I promised 52
 Should be deliver'd to his holiness
 For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

LEGATE. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

CARDINAL. [Aside.] Now Winchester will not submit,
 I trow, 56

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
 Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
 That neither in birth or for authority
 The bishop will be overborne by thee : 60
 I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
 Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and
 Forces, marching.

CHARLES. These news, my lord, may cheer our
 drooping spirits ;
 'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,

And turn again unto the warlike French.

ALENÇON. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of France,

4

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

JOAN. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us ;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter a Scout.

SCOUT. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices !

8

CHARLES. What tidings send our scouts ? I prithee speak.

SCOUT. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

12

CHARLES. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning
is :

But we will presently provide for them.

BURGUNDY. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there :
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

17

JOAN. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

20

CHARLES. Then on, my lords ; and France be
fortunate !

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—France. Before Angiers.

Alarum : Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

JOAN. The regent conquers and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts ;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents :
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise !

[Thunder.

5

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accusom'd diligence to me.

8

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
 Out of the powerful regions under earth,
 Help me this once, that France may get the field. 12

[They walk, and speak not.

O ! hold me not with silence over-long.
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
 I'll lop a member off and give it you,
 In earnest of a further benefit, 16
 So you do condescend to help me now.

[They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress ? My body shall
 Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice 20
 Entreat you to your wonted furtherance ?
 Then take my soul ; my body, soul, and all,
 Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.

See ! they forsake me. Now the time is come, 24
 That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
 And let her head fall into England's lap.
 My ancient incantations are too weak,
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with : 28
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

Alarum. Enter French and English fighting : JOAN LA PUCELLE
 and YORK fight hand to hand : JOAN LA PUCELLE is taken.
 The French fly.

YORK. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast :
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
 And try if they can gain your liberty. 32
 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !
 See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
 As if with Circe she would change my shape.

JOAN. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

YORK. O ! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man ; 37
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

JOAN. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and
 thee !

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd 40

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

YORK. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue !

JOAN. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

YORK. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[Exit.

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his hand.

SUFFOLK. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[Gazes on her.

O fairest beauty ! do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace, 48
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
What art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

MARGARET. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art. 52

SUFFOLK. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save, 56
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.
O stay ! I have no power to let her pass ; 60
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes. 64
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.
Fie, De la Pole ! disable not thyself ;
Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ? 68
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

MARGARET. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be
so,— 72

What ransom must I pay before I pass ?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

SUFFOLK. [Aside.] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love ? 76

MARGARET. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom must I pay ?

SUFFOLK. [Aside.] She 's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd,

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

MARGARET. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no ?

SUFFOLK. [Aside.] Fond man ! remember that thou hast a wife ; 81

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ?

MARGARET. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

SUFFOLK. [Aside.] There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card. 84

MARGARET. He talks at random ; sure, the man is mad.

SUFFOLK. [Aside.] And yet a dispensation may be had.

MARGARET. And yet I would that you would answer me.

SUFFOLK. [Aside.] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom ? 88

Why, for my king : tush ! that 's a wooden thing.

MARGARET. [Overhearing him.] He talks of wood : it is some carpenter.

SUFFOLK. [Aside.] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, And peace established between these realms. 92

But there remains a scruple in that too ;

For though her father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. 96

MARGARET. Hear ye, captain ? Are you not at leisure ?

SUFFOLK. [Aside.] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much :

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

MARGARET. [Aside.] What though I be enthrall'd ?
he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

SUFFOLK. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MARGARET. [Aside.] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the
French ; 104

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

SUFFOLK. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a
cause—

MARGARET. Tush, women have been captivate ere
now.

SUFFOLK. Lady, wherefore talk you so ? 108

MARGARET. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid for quo.

SUFFOLK. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy to be made a queen ?

MARGARET. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility ; 113
For princes should be free.

SUFFOLK. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

MARGARET. Why, what concerns his freedom unto
me ? 116

SUFFOLK. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

MARGARET. What ?

SUFFOLK. His love.

MARGARET. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife. 121

SUFFOLK. No, gentle madam ; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife
And have no portion in the choice myself. 124
How say you, madam, are you so content ?

MARGARET. An if my father please, I am content.

SUFFOLK. Then call our captains and our colours
forth !

And, madam, at your father's castle walls 128
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[Troops come forward.]

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the Walls.

SUFFOLK. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner !

REIGNIER. To whom ?

SUFFOLK. To me.

REIGNIER. Suffolk, what remedy ?

I'am a soldier, and unapt to weep, 132

Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.

SUFFOLK. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord :

Consent, and for thy honour, give consent,

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king, 136

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto ;

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

REIGNIER. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks ?

SUFFOLK. Fair Margaret knows 140

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

REIGNIER. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the walls.

SUFFOLK. And here I will expect thy coming. 144

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below.

REIGNIER. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories :
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

SUFFOLK. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a
child,

Fit to be made companion with a king. 148

What answer makes your Grace unto my suit ?

REIGNIER. Since thou dost deign to woo her little
worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly 152

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's if he please.

SUFFOLK. That is her ransom ; I deliver her ; 156

And those two counties I will undertake

Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

REIGNIER. And I again, in Henry's royal name,

As deputy unto that gracious king, 160
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

SUFFOLK. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly
thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king :

[Aside.] And yet, methinks, I could be well content 164
To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So farewell, Reignier : set this diamond safe, 168
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

REIGNIER. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

MARGARET. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise,
and prayers 172
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.

SUFFOLK. Farewell, sweet madam ! but hark you,
Margaret ;

No princely commendations to my king ?

MARGARET. Such commendations as become a
maid, 176

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

SUFFOLK. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly
directed.

But madam, I must trouble you again,
No loving token to his majesty ? 180

MARGARET. Yes, my good lord ; a pure unspotted
heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

SUFFOLK. And this withal. [Kisses her.

MARGARET. That for thyself : I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king. 185

[Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.

SUFFOLK. O ! wert thou for myself ! But Suffolk,
stay ;

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth ;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk. 188
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise :
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount
And natural graces that extinguish art ;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas, 192
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Camp of the DUKE OF YORK, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, guarded; and a Shepherd.

SHEPHERD. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out, 4
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

JOAN. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood: 8
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

SHEPHERD. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify 12
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

WARWICK. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK. This argues what her kind of life hath been:
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes. 16

SHEPHERD. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

JOAN. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEPHERD. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother. 24
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

With thou not stoop ? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity ! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake ! 29

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee !
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab ? 32
O ! burn her, burn her ! hanging is too good. [Exit.

YORK. Take her away ; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

JOAN. First, let me tell you whom you have con-
demn'd : 36

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings ;
Virtuous and holy ; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace, 40
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits :
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents, 44
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils. 48
No misconceived ! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd, 52
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK. Ay, ay : away with her to execution !

WARWICK. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow : 56
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

JOAN. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity ; 60
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides :
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death. 64

YORK. Now, heaven forefend ! the holy maid with child !

WARWICK. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought !
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

YORK. She and the Dauphin have been juggling : 68
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WARWICK. Well, go to ; we will have no bastards
live ;

Especially since Charles must father it.

JOAN. You are deceiv'd ; my child is none of his : 72
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

YORK. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel !
It dies an if it had a thousand lives.

JOAN. O ! give me leave, I have deluded you : 76
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

WARWICK. A married man : that 's most intolerable.

YORK. Why, here 's a girl ! I think she knows not
well, 80

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WARWICK. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

YORK. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee : 84
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

JOAN. Then lead me hence ; with whom I leave
my curse :

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode ; 88
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves !

[Exit, guarded.]

YORK. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell ! 93

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

CARDINAL. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom, 96
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train, 100
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

YORK. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers, 104
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns, 108
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered ?
O ! Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France. 112

WARWICK. Be patient, York : if we conclude a
peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, attended ; ALENÇON, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS,
REIGNIER, and Others.

CHARLES. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France, 117
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK. Speak, Winchester ; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice, 121
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

CARDINAL. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted
thus :

That, in regard King Henry gives consent, 124
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown : 128
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy the regal dignity. 132

ALENÇON. Must he be then as shadow of himself ?
 Adorn his temples with a coronet,
 And yet, in substance and authority,
 Retain but privilege of a private man ? 136
 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHARLES. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
 With more than half the Gallian territories,
 And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king : 140
 Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
 Detract so much from that prerogative
 As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole ?
 No, lord ambassador ; I'll rather keep 144
 That which I have than, coveting for more,
 Be cast from possibility of all.

YORK. Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret
 means
 Us'd intercession to obtain a league, 148
 And now the matter grows to compromise,
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison ?
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
 Of benefit proceeding from our king 152
 And not of any challenge of desert,
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIGNIER. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
 To cavil in the course of this contract : 156
 If once it be neglected, ten to one,
 We shall not find like opportunity.

ALENÇON. [Aside to CHARLES.] To say the truth, it
 is your policy
 To save your subjects from such massacre 160
 And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
 By our proceeding in hostility ;
 And therefore take this compact of a truce,
 Although you break it when your pleasure serves. 164

WARWICK. How sayst thou, Charles ? shall our
 condition stand ?

CHARLES. It shall ;
 Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
 In any of our towns of garrison. 168

YORK. Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;

As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England. 172

[CHARLES, &c., give tokens of fealty.

So, now dismiss your army when ye please ;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK ; GLOUCESTER
and EXETER following.

KING HENRY. Your wondrous rare description,
noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :
Her virtues, graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart : 4
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive 8
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUFFOLK. Tush ! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame— 12
Had I sufficient skill to utter them—
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit ;
And, which is more, she is not so divine, 16
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents, 20
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

KING HENRY. And otherwise will Henry ne'er
presume.
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen. 24

GLOUCESTER. So should I give consent to flatter
sin.

You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem ;
How shall we then dispense with that contract, 28
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

SUFFOLK. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists 32
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

GLOUCESTER. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
than that ? 36
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUFFOLK. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem ; 40
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLOUCESTER. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles. 45

EXETER. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

SUFFOLK. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your
king, 48

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich : 52
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship : 56
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed ;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss, 64
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth, 68
Approves her fit for none but for a king :
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—
More than in women commonly is seen—
Will answer our hope in issue of a king ; 72
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love. 76
Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

KING HENRY. Whether it be through force of your
report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that 80
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast, 84
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;
Agree to any covenants, and procure 88
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
For your expenses and sufficient charge, 92
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say ; for till you do return
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence : 96
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me, where, from company 100
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

GLOUCESTER. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EXETER.]

SUFFOLK. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes.

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece; 104

With hope to find the like event in love,

But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;

But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [Exit.

**THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH**

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

INTRODUCTION

THE Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI* involve what have been justly described as the most difficult, if not the most important, problems in Shakespearean criticism. To indicate in a few pages the nature of a discussion which has extended to what would form a considerable volume is all that can here be attempted.

On March 12, 1593, was entered in the Stationers' Register, with the name of the publisher, Thomas Millington, a book entitled *The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* (the title is here abbreviated). In the course of the next year (1594) this appeared in quarto form. Again, a year later, in 1595, Millington published *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke and the death of good King Henrie the sixt*. It is not necessary at this point to notice any later editions of these plays. The Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI* were, as far as we know, first printed in the folio of 1623.

The two old plays and the two plays of the folio are closely connected. But how? Are the old plays surreptitious and imperfect presentations of the plays which we read as Shakespeare's in the folio text? Or are these plays of Shakespeare recasts of the old plays? Who wrote *The First Part of the Contention*? Who wrote *The True Tragedie*? Had Shakespeare any hand in them? Was he their sole author? If the folio plays be recasts or revisions, who revised the original material? Was Shakespeare alone the reviser? Or had he the aid of some early contemporary, such as

Marlowe? These are the questions which have perplexed scholars, and about which no agreement has been arrived at.

I may at once express my own unhesitating conviction that the old quartos are not imperfect renderings of the folio plays. The latter are undoubtedly, in my opinion, recasts of the earlier dramas; and this view is taken not by all but by the great majority of competent students. The matter seems to me to have been settled long since by the arguments of Malone, which will be found in volume xviii of the Variorum edition of 1821. To his remarkable Dissertation, which later studies have somewhat unduly obscured, the reader may be referred.

Nor do I believe it is open to reasonable question that the hand of Shakespeare appears in the plays which are given in the folio and are here reprinted. So far, I think, we are on firm ground. Beyond this, it seems to me, we enter into a region of doubt. I incline to think that Shakespeare was to some extent concerned with *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie*, but I am not sure. I am more strongly disposed to believe that he was the sole reviser; but such Marlowesque lines as those which open Act iv of the Second Part of *King Henry VI*:

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,

with others that follow, suggest a doubt.

It has been estimated that in the Second Part 1,715 lines of the folio text are wholly new; 840 lines are more or less altered from those of the old play; some 520 lines are taken over without alteration. The revision of the Third Part involved less change; 1,010 lines of the old play remain unchanged; about 871 are altered; some 1,021 are new. Such an estimate may not be quite exact, but it is approximately right. In any case the debt to the old plays is large. Are we to suppose that Shakespeare was only reclaiming work of his own? Or was he an 'upstart crow', exhibiting

himself in borrowed plumage? Plagiarism is hardly a word to apply to his work even if the writing of others reappeared in his revision. It was customary to make additions to plays with a view to attracting a fresh audience to the theatre; the play belonged to the company; the reviser in general received a slender reward. And yet, as we shall see, Shakespeare did not escape the charge of being a plagiarist.

Robert Greene the dramatist died in poverty in 1592; his last pamphlet, *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, was written on his death-bed, and was published after Greene's death by Henry Chettle. He warns three of his fellows, who can be identified as Marlowe, Peele, and Nash (or possibly Lodge) against the players: 'Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.' This is the earliest allusion to Shakespeare in print that has been discovered. The words refer to the player as an author; 'bumbast out a blank verse' means, not to mouth upon the stage—such a use of 'bombast' seems to be modern,—but to swell or stuff out a blank verse with high-sounding epithets. A sting is put into the attack on Shakespeare as poet and plagiarist by the parody of a line—perhaps Shakespeare's—which appears in both *The True Tragedie and Henry VI*, Part III (i. iv. 137). It looks as if Greene resented Shakespeare's appropriation of work of his own as well as certain original work of the actor-poet, who was robbing the university men of their legitimate profits. We are gratified to know that Chettle before long made his apology for letting these words appear in print, and confessed Shakespeare's 'uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty' as well as his excellence in his profession. Possibly the shaft was pointed by Greene so that Marlowe, whom he addresses, might be touched. The supreme master of dramatic

blank verse was Marlowe ; and it may be that the line parodied was a verse of Marlowe's own. To suggest to Marlowe that he had cause to be indignant against 'Shake-scene' may have been Greene's design. A certain 'R. B. gent.' in 1594, reasserts that the men who eclipsed Greene's fame had been guilty of purloining his plumes.

Clearly a presumption arises that Greene, or Marlowe, or both dramatists, had some connexion as authors with *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*, for the two plays, whoever may have been the writer or writers, cannot be separated from one another. The fact that they were, by and by, published by Millington does not tend to support the theory that they were of Shakespeare's sole authorship. Millington dealt in dishonest or doubtful Shakespearean wares. He did not, however, put the name of Shakespeare upon the title-pages, nor was Shakespeare's name associated with the old plays in this way until, after his death, Pavier, another publisher of dubious reputation, issued in 1619 a fraudulent undated quarto, comprising both of these under the title of *The Whole Contention . . . Divided into two Parts*. Again, the fact that *The True Tragedie*, and probably both dramas, were originally acted by Lord Pembroke's players tells rather against the notion that they were written wholly by Shakespeare. We may add the circumstance that Shakespeare's primary source in his undoubted histories was the *Chronicle* of Holinshed, while here the primary source is that of Hall.

Setting aside as now untenable the opinion of Charles Knight, however ably maintained, that Shakespeare was the sole author of both the old quarto plays and the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI*, as found in the folio, I will set down briefly the conclusions arrived at by those scholars who have made this difficult subject a special field of study.

Malone was more concerned to disprove Shakespeare's authorship of the old plays than to determine who the writers actually were. He achieved his

purpose as respects Shakespeare's sole authorship in the Dissertation which Porson described as 'one of the most convincing pieces of criticism he had ever met with'. In this Dissertation he assumed rather than argued in detail that the old plays were the work of Greene or Peele, or both of them, and that they had been remodelled into the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI* by Shakespere. At a later date, when writing his study of the Chronological Order of Shakespeare's plays, while maintaining his opinion that Shakespeare was the sole reviser, Malone inclined to the belief that Marlowe was the author of *The True Tragedie*, and perhaps also of the other old drama, *The First Part of the Contention*. He at first supposed that Shakespeare's revision was made in the year 1591; afterwards he doubtfully suggested the date 1593-4; and some memoranda left by him seem to indicate that at one time he considered the year 1600 as possibly not too late. This last date is surely erroneous, nor does it appear that Malone ever ventured seriously to advocate so impossible a theory. The First Part of *Henry VI* he ascribed to some writer who was neither Shakespeare nor the author or authors of the plays on which the Second and Third Parts are founded.

Utilizing for his own purposes some points of Malone's argument, but extending the scope of his inquiry so as to include what is styled aesthetic criticism, R. Grant White, in his 'Essay on the Authorship of *King Henry VI*', came to conclusions opposed to those of Malone. He held that 'Greene, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Peele wrote *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* together for the Earl of Pembroke's company, and that Shakespeare afterwards made these plays into the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI* for the company with which he became exclusively connected, by rewriting and rejecting the parts contributed by his former co-labourers, and retaining his own contributions, with only such addition and amendment as might be expected from any writer upon the revision of a work produced in his earlier years of

authorship'. He considered that the inclusion by Heminge and Condell of *King Henry VI* in the first folio is testimony of weight respecting their authorship, and that the transference of nearly 3,500 lines, entire or modified, from the old plays would be a 'conveyance' without parallel if none of these lines were by Shakespeare. In the passages common to the old plays and the folio he found work of a different kind from anything discoverable in the work of Marlowe or Greene or Peele, thought, diction, and rhythm here springing up together, in the Shakespearean manner, 'to flow in a consensual stream.' The humour of the Jack Cade scenes alike in the old plays and the folio he could ascribe only to Shakespeare. In passages rejected by the folio he saw writing inferior to that of Shakespeare's earliest plays and unlike it. In the frequent use of 'for to' with an infinitive in some of these passages he recognized a trick of Greene's style. He repeated what had been previously noticed, that the Macedonian pirate Abradas, spoken of in *The First Part of the Contention*, is heard of nowhere except in Greene's pamphlet, *Penelope's Web*. He observed a homogeneity between the passages retained from the quartos and the added passages of the folio. And he dwelt on the unity of characterization between the elder and the later versions of these plays, especially in the instances of Warwick, Margaret of Anjou, Clifford, and Gloucester (York's son); while Gloucester is essentially one and the same with the Richard III of Shakespeare's drama of that name.

It is impossible to present here even in a summary the evidence and arguments by which Miss Jane Lee, an admirable scholar, was led to conclusions differing wholly from those of Grant White. Her learned and laborious study will be found in the 'Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, 1875-6'. She held that the old quarto plays are the work of Greene and Marlowe, with possibly some aid from Peele. The revision which transformed these into the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI* was accomplished, in

her opinion, by Shakespeare in collaboration with Marlowe. She pursued her investigation so far as to attempt to determine scene by scene the author or authors of each, and scene by scene the reviser or revisers. This—as she admits—was perhaps to carry too far the refinement of conjecture. Speaking broadly, she ascribed, in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*, to Marlowe the characters of King Henry VI, Cardinal Beaufort, York, Suffolk, the two Cliffords, and Richard; to Greene, the characters of Duke Humphrey (at least in part), the Duchess Eleanor, Clarence, Edward IV, Elizabeth, Sir John Hume, and Jack Cade. In the task of revision she held that Shakespeare's share was larger than that of Marlowe.

Taking as extreme a position on the one side as did Charles Knight upon the other, Mr. Fleay, in a paper contributed (November, 1875) to *Macmillan's Magazine*, maintained that Marlowe and Peele wrote *Henry VI*, Parts II and III, of which *The Contention* and *True Tragedie* are pirated and imperfect versions. Eleven years later, in his *Life and Work of Shakespeare*, he modified his view; he attributed *The Contention* to Greene, Peele, perhaps Kyd, Lodge, and Marlowe; *The True Tragedie* he attributed to Marlowe—regarding it as an abridgement of the original play, and the work of the author himself. *The Contention*, he held, was to some extent revised by Shakespeare—‘the Lodgo part at the end is absolutely rewritten in the St. Alban's battle, and the very names of the actors are changed in the Cade insurrection. Who could have done this but Shakespeare? Here and here only can we find an explanation of the inclusion of these plays in the folio edition of his works in 1623.’ Some corrections in the Third Part of *Henry VI*, he allows, are from Shakespeare's hand. It is right to state the conclusions of so laborious a student, but, it must be admitted, they are insufficiently supported by argument.

Last, the problem was once more attacked in his editions of the three Parts of *Henry VI* in ‘The Arden Shakespeare’, by Mr. H. C. Hart. I cannot follow

into his details that learned and ingenious scholar. But he has summed up his general view in a short passage which may be quoted: 'The whole series of *Henry VI* may have been evolved as follows. Greene, Peele, and Marlowe selected, or were allotted, the Henry VI period to dramatize. They divided it roughly . . . into three parts. Greene was in command of the wars of France, and the death of that brave Talbot, the terror of the French, together with the exploits of Joan the Pucelle, and the loss of the towns [i. e. Part I]. . . . Peele was chief of *The First Part of the Contention*, and with the others completed it. In doing so he received much help from the rising dramatist, Shakespeare. Marlowe had charge of *The True Tragedy*. Shakespeare's success in the assistance he gave Peele, but especially in the completion of *I Henry VI*, acquired for him a yet larger share in this play. Meanwhile Greene had failed in his share. . . . Shakespeare, having given satisfaction in his aid to *The First Contention*, was entrusted with the sketch in an altogether chaotic and unfinished state, for completion. And his work was so well approved and of such high promise, that it justified the expansion into the full-sized play of *I Henry VI*. And as a natural sequence, owing to its immediate and triumphant success, the others were handed over to him for expansion into Parts II and III.'

Such, reduced to the smallest possible proportions, is an outline of a controversy which may not even now have reached its termination. In the introduction to the Third Part I shall speak briefly of the literary quality and character-drawing in these two plays.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his Uncle.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, Great-Uncle to the King.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD and **RICHARD**, his Sons.

DUKE OF SOMERSET,

DUKE OF SUFFOLK,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

LORD CLIFFORD,

YOUNG CLIFFORD, his Son,

EARL OF SALISBURY,

EARL OF WARWICK,

LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and **WILLIAM STAFFORD**, his Brother.

LORD SAY.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate.

WALTER WHITMORE.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

JOHN HUME and **JOHN SOUTHWELL**, Priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror.

A Spirit raised by him.

THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer.

PETER, his Man.

Clerk of Chatham.

Mayor of St. Alban's.

SIMPCOX, an Impostor.

Two Murderers.

JACK CADE, a Rebel.

GEORGE BEVIS, **JOHN HOLLAND**, **DICK the Butcher**, **SMITH the**

Weaver, **MICHAEL**, &c., Followers of Cade.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.

MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch.

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald, Petitioners, Aldermen,
a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Fal-
coners, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE.—In various parts of England.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

SUFFOLK. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace; 4
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaine, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend
bishops, 8

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen 12
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd. 16

KING HENRY. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness; 20
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

QUEEN MARGARET. Great King of England and my
gracious lord, 24

The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you, mine alderliest sovereign, 28
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

KING HENRY. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in
speech, 32

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys ;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love. 36

ALL. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness !

QUEEN MARGARET. We thank you all. [Flourish.

SUFFOLK. My Lord Protector, so it please your
Grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace 40
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

GLOUCESTER. 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the
French king, Charles, and William De la Pole, Marquess
of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that
the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret,
daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and
Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the
thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, That the duchy
of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and
delivered to the king her father.'— [Lets the paper fall.

KING HENRY. Uncle, how now !

GLOUCESTER. Pardon me, gracious lord ;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart 53
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

KING HENRY. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CARDINAL. 'Item, It is further agreed between them,

that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father ; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.' 60

KING HENRY. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down :

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being regent 64
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick ; 68
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd. 72

[Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.]

GLOUCESTER. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What ! did my brother Henry spend his youth, 76
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars ?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance ? 80
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got ?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick, 84
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy ?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house 88
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe ?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes ? 92
And shall these labours and these honours die ?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die ?
O peers of England ! shameful is this league, 96
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France, 100
Undoing all, as all had never been.

CARDINAL. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance ?
For France, 'tis ours ; and we will keep it still. 104

GLOUCESTER. Ay, uncle ; we will keep it, if we can ;
But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine 108
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

SALISBURY. Now, by the death of him who died
for all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy. 112
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son ?

WARWICK. For grief that they are past recovery :
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both ; 117
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ? 120
Mort Dieu !

YORK. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle !
France should have torn and rent my very heart 124
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives ;
And our King Henry gives away his own, 128
To match with her that brings no vantages.

GLOUCESTER. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth

For costs and charges in transporting her ! 132
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in
France,

Before—

CARDINAL. My Lord of Gloucester, now you grow
too hot :

It was the pleasure of my lord the king. 136

GLOUCESTER. My Lord of Winchester, I know your
mind :

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out : proud prelate, in thy face 140
I see thy fury. If I longer stay

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [Exit. 145

CARDINAL. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king. 148

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the English crown :

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west, 152

There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts ; be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him, 156

Calling him, 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester' ;

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,

'Jesu maintain your royal excellence !'

With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey !' 160

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

He will be found a dangerous protector.

BUCKINGHAM. Why should he then protect our
sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself ? 164

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat. . .

CARDINAL. This weighty business will not brook
delay ; 168

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.

SOMERSET. Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-
phrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal : 172

His insolence is more intolerable

Than all the princes in the land beside :

If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be protector.

BUCKINGHAM. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be pro-
tector, 176

Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

SALISBURY. Pride went before, ambition follows
him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm. 180

I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal
More like a soldier than a man o' the church, 184

As stout and proud as he were lord of all,

Swear like a ruffian and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age, 188

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,

Have won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey :

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland, 192

In bringing them to civil discipline,

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people. 196

Join we together for the public good,

In what we can to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ; 200

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

WARWICK. So God help Warwick; as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country ! 204

YORK. [Aside.] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

SALISBURY. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

WARWICK. Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost !
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last : 209
Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.]

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;
Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy 213
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.

Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd 216

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all : what is 't to them ?

'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans, 221
Still revelling like lords till all be gone ;

While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands, 224

And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd and all is borne away,

Ready to starve and dare not touch his own :
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue 228

While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd 232

Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French !

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil. 236

A day will come when York shall claim his own ;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts

And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown, 240
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head, 244
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve :
 Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state ; 248
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose, 252
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
 [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S House.

Enter GLOUCESTER and his DUCHESS.

DUCHESS. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd
 corn
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world ? 4
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?
 What seest thou there ? King Henry's diadem
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world ? 8
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :
 What ! is 't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine ; 12
 And having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,

And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground. 16

GLOUCESTER. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love
thy lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts :
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20
Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

DUCHESS. What dream'd my lord ? tell me, and
I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream. 24

GLOUCESTER. Methought this staff, mine office-
badge in court,

Was broke in twain ; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal ;
And on the pieces of the broken wand 28
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William De la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream : what it doth bode, God knows.

DUCHESS. Tut ! this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove 33
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke :
Methought I sat in seat of majesty 36
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd ;
Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem. 40

GLOUCESTER. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-
right :

Presumptuous dame ! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor !
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him ? 44
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself 48
From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

DUCHESS. What, what, my lord ! are you so
cholerick

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream ? 52

Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

GLOUCESTER. Nay, be not angry ; I am pleas'd
again.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. My Lord Protector, 'tis his highness'
pleasure 56

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

GLOUCESTER. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with
us ?

DUCHESS. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and Messenger.

Follow I must ; I cannot go before, 61

While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks 64

And smooth my way upon their headless necks ;

And, being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there ? Sir John ! nay, fear not, man, 68

We are alone ; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

HUME. Jesus preserve your royal majesty !

DUCHESS. What sayst thou ? majesty ! I am but
Grace.

HUME. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiplied. 73

DUCHESS. What sayst thou, man ? hast thou as
yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer ? 76

And will they undertake to do me good ?

HUME. This they have promised, to show your
highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,

That shall make answer to such questions 83
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

DUCHESS. It is enough : I'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Alban's we do make return
We'll see these things effected to the full. 84

Here, Hume, take this reward ; make merry, man.

With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit.]

HUME. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold ;

Marry and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume ! 88

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum :

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch :

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil. 92

Yet have I gold flies from another coast :

I dare not say from the rich cardinal

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk :

Yet I do find it so : for, to be plain, 96

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess

And buzz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, ' A crafty knave does need no broker ; ' 100

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands ; and thus, I fear, at last 104

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack.

And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.

Sort how it will I shall have gold for all. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the Armourer's man, being one.

FIRST PETITIONER. My masters, let 's stand close :
my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and
then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

SECOND PETITIONER. Marry, the Lord protect him,
for he 's a good man ! Jesu bless him ! 5

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.

FIRST PETITIONER. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

SECOND PETITIONER. Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk and not my Lord Protector. 9

SUFFOLK. How now, fellow! wouldst anything with me?

FIRST PETITIONER. I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my Lord Protector. 13

QUEEN MARGARET. [Glancing at the superscriptions.] 'To my Lord Protector!' are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine? 16

FIRST PETITIONER. Mine is, an 't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, my wife and all, from me.

SUFFOLK. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here? 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford!' How now, sir knave!

SECOND PETITIONER. Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township. 25

PETER. [Presenting his petition.] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown. 28

QUEEN MARGARET. What sayst thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

PETER. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper. 33

SUFFOLK. Who is there?

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. We'll hear more of your matter before the king. [Exeunt Servants with PETER.]

QUEEN MARGARET. And as for you, that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace, 39
Begin your suits anew and sue to him. [Tears the petitions.]

Away, base cullions ! Suffolk, let them go.

ALL. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt Petitioners.

QUEEN MARGARET. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion of the court of England ? 44

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king ?

What ! shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloucester's governance ? 48

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke ?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love, 52

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion :

But all his mind is bent to holiness, 56

To number Ave-Maries on his beads ;

His champions are the prophets and apostles ;

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ ;

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves 60

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head : 64

That were a state fit for his holiness.

SUFFOLK. Madam, be patient ; as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your Grace's full content. 68

QUEEN MARGARET. Beside the haught protector,
have we Beaufort

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,

And grumbling York ; and not the least of these

But can do more in England than the king. 72

SUFFOLK. And he of these that can do most of all

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils :

Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

QUEEN MARGARET. Not all these lords do vex me
half so much 76

As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife :

She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
 More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
 Strangers in court do take her for the queen : 80
 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
 Contemptuous base-born callot as she is, 84
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day .
 The very train of her worst wearing gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter. 88
 SUFFOLK. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds
 That she will light to listen to the lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again. 92
 So, let her rest : and, madam, list to me ;
 For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him and with the lords 96
 Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit :
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last, 100
 And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a sennet. Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET,
 DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT,
 BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

KING HENRY. For my part, noble lords, I care not
 which ;

Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.

YORK. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
 Then let him be deny'd the regentship. 105

SOMERSET. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent ; I will yield to him.

WARWICK. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or
 no, 108

Dispute not that : York is the worthier.

CARDINAL. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters
 speak.

WARWICK. The cardinal's not my better in the field.
BUCKINGHAM. All in this presence are thy betters,
Warwick. 112

WARWICK. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
SALISBURY. Peace, son! and show some reason,
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

QUEEN MARGARET. Because the king, forsooth, will
have it so. 116

GLOUCESTER. Madam, the king is old enough him-
self

To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

QUEEN MARGARET. If he be old enough, what needs
your Grace

To be protector of his excellence? 120

GLOUCESTER. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

SUFFOLK. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack; 125

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm

Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty. 128

CARDINAL. The commons hast thou rack'd; the
clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

SOMERSET. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's
attire

Have cost a mass of public treasury. 132

BUCKINGHAM. Thy cruelty in execution

Upon offenders hath exceeded law,

And left thee to the mercy of the law.

QUEEN MARGARET. Thy sale of offices and towns in
France, 136

If they were known, as the suspect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit GLOUCESTER. The QUEEN drops her fan.
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[Giving the DUCHESS a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, madam, was it you?

140

DUCHESS. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-
woman :

Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

KING HENRY. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against
her will. 144

DUCHESS. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in
time ;

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby :
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [Exit.

BUCKINGHAM. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds :
She's tickled now ; her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. 152

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER. Now, lords, my choler being over-
blown

With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections, 156

Prove them, and I lie open to the law :
But God in mercy so deal with my soul
As I in duty love my king and-country !
But to the matter that we have in hand. 160

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

SUFFOLK. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force, 164
That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet :
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride ;
Next, if I be appointed for the place, 168

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time I danc'd attendance on his will 172
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

WARWICK. That can I witness ; and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit.

SUFFOLK. Peace, headstrong Warwick ! 176

WARWICK. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace ?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

SUFFOLK. Because here is a man accus'd of treason :
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself !

YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ? 180

KING HENRY. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me,
what are these ?

SUFFOLK. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these : that Richard, Duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown, 185
And that your majesty was an usurper.

KING HENRY. Say, man, were these thy words ?

HORNER. An't shall please your majesty, I never
said nor thought any such matter : God is my witness,
I am falsely accused by the villain.

PETER. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak
them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring
my Lord of York's armour. 193

YORK. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty 196
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HORNER. Alas ! my lord, hang me if ever I spake
the words. My accuser is my prentice ; and when I did
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow
upon his knees he would be even with me : I have good
witness of this : therefore I beseech your majesty, do
not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

KING HENRY. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

GLOUCESTER. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion ;
And let these have a day appointed them 208
For single combat in convenient place ;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.

This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

KING HENRY. Then be it so. My Lord of Somerset,
We make your Grace Lord Regent o'er the French. 213

SOMERSET. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HORNER. And I accept the combat willingly.

PETER. Alas ! my lord, I cannot fight : for God's
sake, pity my case ! the spite of man prevailleth against
me. O Lord, have mercy upon me ! I shall never be
able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart !

GLOUCESTER. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be
hang'd. 220

KING HENRY. Away with them to prison ; and the
day

Of combat shall be the last of the next month.

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [Exeunt. 220

SCENE IV.—The Same. The DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S
Garden.

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLING-
BROKE.

HUME. Come, my masters ; the duchess, I tell you,
expects performance of your promises.

BOLINGBROKE. Master Hume, we are therefore pro-
vided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exor-
cisms ? 5

HUME. Ay ; what else ? fear you not her courage.

BOLINGBROKE. I have heard her reported to be a
woman of invincible spirit : but it shall be convenient,
Master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be
busy below ; and so, I pray you, go in God's name,
and leave us. [Exit HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you
prostrate, and grovel on the earth ; John Southwell,
read you ; and let us to our work. 13

Enter DUCHESS aloft, HUME following.

DUCHESS. Well said, my masters, and welcome all.
To this gear the sooner the better.

BOLINGBROKE. Patience, good lady ; wizards know
their times : 16

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand. 21
Madam, sit you, and fear not : whom we raise
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle ; BOLINGBROKE or SOUTHWELL reads, 'Conjuro te,' &c. It thunders and lightens terribly ; then the Spirit riseth.

SPIRIT. Adsum. 24

MARGERY JOURDAIN. Asmath !

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask ;
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence. 28

SPIRIT. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done !

BOLINGBROKE. First, of the king : what shall of him become ?

SPIRIT. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ;
But him outlive, and die a violent death. 32

[As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answers.

BOLINGBROKE. What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk ?

SPIRIT. By water shall he die and take his end.

BOLINGBROKE. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset ?

SPIRIT. Let him shun castles : 36

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOLINGBROKE. Descend to darkness and the burning lake ! 40

False fiend, avoid ! [Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and Others.

YORK. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

What ! madam, are you there ? the king and common-
weal 44

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains :

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

DUCHESS. Not half so bad as thine to England's
king, 48

Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

BUCKINGHAM. True, madam, none at all. What call
you this ? [Showing her the papers.

Away with them ! let them be clapp'd up close

And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us : 52

Stafford, take her to thee.—

[Exeunt above, DUCHESS and HUME guarded.

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.

All, away ! [Exeunt SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, &c., guarded.

YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her
well : 56

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon !

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here ?

'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ; 60

But him outlive, and die a violent death.'

Why, this is just

'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.'

Well, to the rest :

'Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk ? 64

By water shall he die and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset ?

Let him shun castles : 68

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.'

Come, come, my lords ; these oracles

Are hardly attain'd, and hardly understood. 72

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's ;

With him, the husband of this lovely lady :

Thither go these news as fast as horse can carry them,

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector. 76

BUCKINGHAM. Your Grace shall give me leave, my
Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

YORK. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's
within there, ho !

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick 80
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away !

[Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—St. Alban's.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL
BEAUFORT, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers, hollaing.

QUEEN MARGARET. Believe me, lords, for flying at
the brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day :

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out. 4

KING HENRY. But what a point, my lord, your
falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest !

To see how God in all his creatures works !

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high. 8

SUFFOLK. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well ;

They know their master loves to be aloft,

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch. 12

GLOUCESTER. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CARDINAL. I thought as much ; he'd be above the
clouds.

GLOUCESTER. Ay, my Lord Cardinal ; how think you
by that ? 16

Were it not good your Grace could fly to heaven ?

KING HENRY. The treasury of everlasting joy.

CARDINAL. Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and
thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart ; 20

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

GLOUCESTER. What! cardinal, is your priesthood
grown peremptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? 24

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

SUFFOLK. No malice, sir; no more than well be-
comes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer. 28

GLOUCESTER. As who, my lord?

SUFFOLK. Why, as you, my lord,

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

GLOUCESTER. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine
insolence.

QUEEN MARGARET. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

KING HENRY. I prithee, peace, 32

Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

CARDINAL. Let me be blessed for the peace I
make

Against this proud protector with my sword! 36

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to the CARDINAL.] Faith, holy
uncle, would 'twere come to that!

CARDINAL. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] Marry, when thou
darest.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to the CARDINAL.] Make up no
factious numbers for the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse. 40

CARDINAL. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] Ay, where thou
darest not peep: an if thou darest,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

KING HENRY. How now, my lords!

CARDINAL. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly, 44

We had had more sport. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] Come
with thy two-hand sword.

GLOUCESTER. True, uncle.

CARDINAL. Are you advis'd? [Aside to GLOUCESTER.]
the east side of the grove.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to the CARDINAL.] Cardinal, I am
with you. 48

KING HENRY. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

GLOUCESTER. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my
lord.—

[Aside to the CARDINAL.] Now, by God's mother, priest,
I'll shave your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail. 52

CARDINAL. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] Medice teipsum;
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

KING HENRY. The winds grow high; so do your
stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart! 56

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One crying 'A Miracle.'

GLOUCESTER. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

ONE. A miracle! a miracle!

SUFFOLK. Come to the king, and tell him what
miracle.

ONE. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight; 64
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

KING HENRY. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing
souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his Brethren, and SIMPCOX,
borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great
multitude following.

CARDINAL. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man. 69

KING HENRY. Great is his comfort in this earthly
vale,

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

GLOUCESTER. Stand by, my masters; bring him
near the king: 72

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

KING HENRY. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What ! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd ?

SIMPCOX. Born blind, an 't please your Grace. 77

WIFE. Ay, indeed, was he.

SUFFOLK. What woman is this ?

WIFE. His wife, an 't like your worship. 80

GLOUCESTER. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

KING HENRY. Where wert thou born ?

SIMPCOX. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your Grace.

KING HENRY. Poor soul ! God's goodness hath been great to thee : 84

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

QUEEN MARGARET. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine ? 88

SIMPCOX. God knows, of pure devotion ; being call'd A hundred times and oftener in my sleep, By good Saint Alban ; who said, ' Simpcox, come ; Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.' 92

WIFE. Most true, forsooth ; and many time and oft Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

CARDINAL. What ! art thou lame ?

SIMPCOX. Ay, God Almighty help me !

SUFFOLK. How cam'st thou so ?

SIMPCOX. A fall off of a tree. 96

WIFE. A plum-tree, master.

GLOUCESTER. How long hast thou been blind?

SIMPCOX. O ! born so, master.

GLOUCESTER. What ! and wouldst climb a tree ?

SIMPCOX. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

WIFE. Too true ; and bought his climbing very dear.

GLOUCESTER. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so. 101

SIMPCOX. Alas ! master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb with danger of my life.

GLOUCESTER. A subtle knave ! but yet it shall not serve. 104

Let me see thine eyes : wink now : now open them :
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

SIMPCOX. Yes, master, clear as day ; I thank God and Saint Alban.

GLOUCESTER. Sayst thou me so ? What colour is this cloak of ? 108

SIMPCOX. Red, master ; red as blood.

GLOUCESTER. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of ?

SIMPCOX. Black, forsooth ; coal-black as jet.

KING HENRY. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of ? 112

SUFFOLK. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLOUCESTER. But cloaks and gowns before this day a many.

WIFE. Never, before this day, in all his life.

GLOUCESTER. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name ? 116

SIMPCOX. Alas ! master, I know not.

GLOUCESTER. What 's his name ?

SIMPCOX. I know not.

GLOUCESTER. Nor his ? 120

SIMPCOX. No, indeed, master.

GLOUCESTER. What 's thine own name ?

SIMPCOX. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

GLOUCESTER. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle ; and would ye not think that cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again ? 132

SIMPCOX. O, master, that you could !

GLOUCESTER. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips ?

MAYOR. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace, 136

GLOUCESTER. Then send for one presently.

MAYOR. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.]

GLOUCESTER. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.
[A stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

SIMPCOX. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go about to torture me in vain. 144

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

GLOUCESTER. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEADLE. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly. 149

SIMPCOX. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away: and the people follow and cry, 'A miracle!']

KING HENRY. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long? 152

QUEEN MARGARET. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLOUCESTER. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

WIFE. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

GLOUCESTER. Let them be whipp'd through every market town 156

Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]

CARDINAL. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day,

SUFFOLK. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

GLOUCESTER. But you have done more miracles than I; 160

You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly,

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

KING HENRY. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham ?

BUCKINGHAM. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, 164

Under the countenance and confederacy

Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout,

Have practis'd dangerously against your state, 168

Dealing with witches and with conjurers :

Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;

Raising up wicked spirits from under-ground,

Demanding of King Henry's life and death, 172

And other of your highness' privy council.

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

CARDINAL. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London. 176

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

GLOUCESTER. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart :

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers ; 180

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

Or to the meanest groom.

KING HENRY. O God ! what mischiefs work the wicked ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby. 184

QUEEN MARGARET. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest ;

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLOUCESTER. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal ; 188

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :

Noble she is, but if she have forgot

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such 192

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 I banish her my bed and company,
 And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
 That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name. 196

KING HENRY. Well, for this night we will repose us
 here :

To-morrow toward London back again,
 To look into this business thoroughly,
 And call these foul offenders to their answers ; 200
 And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
 Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
 [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. The DUKE OF YORK's Garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

YORK. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and
 Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave
 In this close walk to satisfy myself,
 In craving your opinion of my title, 4
 Which is infallible to England's crown.

SALISBURY. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

WARWICK. Sweet York, begin ; and if thy claim be
 good,
 The Nevils are thy subjects to command. 8

YORK. Then thus :

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons :
 The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales ;
 The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third, 12
 Lionel, Duke of Clarence ; next to whom
 Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster ;
 The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York ;
 The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester ; 16

William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
 Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
 And left behind him Richard, his only son,
 Who after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king ;
 Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, 21

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king, 24
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret ; where as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

WARWICK. Father, the duke hath told the truth ; 28
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK. Which now they hold by force and not by
right ;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd. 32

SALISBURY. But William of Hatfield died without
an heir.

YORK. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose
line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March : 36
Edmund had issue Roger, Earl of March :

Roger had issue Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

SALISBURY. This Edmund, in the reign of Boling-
broke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ; 40
And but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

YORK. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown, 44
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir
To Roger, Earl of March ; who was the son 48
Of Edmund Mortimer ; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence :
So, if the issue of the eldest son
Succeed before the younger, I am king. 52

WARWICK. What plain proceeding is more plain than
this ?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son ; York claims it from the third.

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign : 56
 It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
 Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
 And in this private plot be we the first 60
 That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 With honour of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
 king !

YORK. We thank you, lords ! But I am not your king
 Till I be crown'd and that my sword be stain'd
 With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster ;
 And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
 But with advice and silent secrecy. 68
 Do you as I do in these dangerous days,
 Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence.
 At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 At Buckingham and all the crew of them, 72
 Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey :
 'Tis that they seek ; and they, in seeking that
 Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy. 76

SALISBURY. My lord, break we off ; we know your
 mind at full.

WARWICK. My heart assures me that the Earl of
 Warwick
 Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

YORK. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself, 80
 Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
 The greatest man in England but the king. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET,
 GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY ; the
 DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL,
 HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

KING HENRY. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,
 Gloucester's wife.
 In sight of God and us, your guilt is great :

Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death. 4
You four, from hence to prison back again ;
From thence, unto the place of execution :
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows. 8
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment, 12
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

DUCHESS. Welcome is banishment ; welcome were
my death.

GLOUCESTER. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath
judged thee :

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.— 16

[Exit the DUCHESS, and the other Prisoners, guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey ! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ; 20
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

KING HENRY. Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester :
ere thou go,
Give up thy staff : Henry will to himself
Protector be ; and God shall be my hope. 24
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey ; no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

QUEEN MARGARET. I see no reason why a king of
years 28

Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's helm !
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

GLOUCESTER. My staff ! here, noble Henry, is my
staff : 32

As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine ;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it. 36

Farewell, good king ! when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [Exit.

QUEEN MARGARET. Why, now is Henry king, and
Margaret queen ;

And Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, scarce himself, 40
That bears so shrewd a maim : two pulls at once ;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off ;
This staff of honour raught : there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand. 44

SUFFOLK. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his
sprays ;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

YORK. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat ; 48
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

QUEEN MARGARET. Ay, good my lord ; for purposely
therefore 52

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

KING HENRY. O' God's name, see the lists and all
things fit :

Here let them end it ; and God defend the right !

YORK. I never saw a fellow worse bested, 56
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours drinking to him
so much that he is drunk ; and he enters bearing his staff
with a sand-bag fastened to it ; a drum before him : on
the other side, PETER, with a drum and a sand-bag ; and
Prentices drinking to him.

FIRST NEIGHBOUR. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink
to you in a cup of sack : and fear not, neighbour, you
shall do well enough. 61

SECOND NEIGHBOUR. And here, neighbour, here's a
cup of charneco.

THIRD NEIGHBOUR. And here's a pot of good double
beer, neighbour : drink, and fear not your man. 65

HORNER. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you
all ; and a fig for Peter !

FIRST PRENTICE. Here, Peter, I drink to thee ; and be not afraid. 89

SECOND PRENTICE. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master : fight for credit of the prentices.

PETER. I thank you all : drink, and pray for me, I pray you ; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron : and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer : and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me ! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

SALISBURY. Come, leave your drinking and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name ? 80

PETER. Peter, forsooth.

SALISBURY. Peter ! what more ?

PETER. Thump.

SALISBURY. Thump ! then see thou thump thy master well. 85

HORNER. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man : and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen ; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow !

YORK. Dispatch : this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants,

[Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.

HORNER. Hold, Peter, hold ! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies. 97

YORK. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way. 97

PETER. O God ! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence ? O Peter ! thou hast prevailed in right ! 100

KING HENRY. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight ;

For by his death we do perceive his guilt :

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter GLOUCESTER and Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.

GLOUCESTER. Thus sometimes hath the brightest
day a cloud ;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold :
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. 4
Sirs, what 's o'clock ?

SERVING-MAN. Ten, my lord.

GLOUCESTER. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess :
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets, 8
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame, 12
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft ! I think she comes ; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries. 16

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, with papers pinned upon her back, in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand ; SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

SERVING-MAN. So please your Grace, we'll take her
from the sheriff.

GLOUCESTER. No, stir not, for your lives ; let her
pass by.

DUCHESS. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?
Now thou dost penance too. Look ! how they gaze. 20
See ! how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame, 24
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine !

GLOUCESTER. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCHESS. Ay, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself ;
For whilst I think I am thy wedded wife, 28
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice 32
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread. 36
Ah, Humphrey ! can I bear this shameful yoke ?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun ?
No ; dark shall be my light, and night my day ; 40
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife ;
And he a prince and ruler of the land :
Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was 44
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame ; 48
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will ;
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee, and hates us all, 52
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings ;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee :
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd, 56
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

GLOUCESTER. Ah, Nell ! forbear : thou aimest all awry ;
I must offend before I be attainted ;
And had I twenty times so many foes, 60
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach ? 64
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell :
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ; 68
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

HERALD. I summon your Grace to his majesty's
parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next
month. 72

GLOUCESTER. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein
before !
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.

My Nell, I take my leave : and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission. 76

SHERIFF. An't please your Grace, here my commis-
sion stays ;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

GLOUCESTER. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady
here ? 80

STANLEY. So am I given in charge, may't please
your Grace.

GLOUCESTER. Entreat her not the worse in that
I pray

You use her well. The world may laugh again ;
And I may live to do you kindness if 84
You do it her : and so, Sir John, farewell.

DUCHESS. What ! gone, my lord, and bid me not
farewell !

GLOUCESTER. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to
speak.

[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and Serving-men.

DUCHESS. Art thou gone too ? All comfort go with
thee ! 88

For none abides with me : my joy is death ;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afar'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence ; 92

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

STANLEY. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man ;
There to be us'd according to your state. 96

DUCHESS. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully ?

STANLEY. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady :

According to that state you shall be us'd. 100

DUCHESS. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

SHERIFF. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

DUCHESS. Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is discharg'd.
Come, Stanley, shall we go ? 105

STANLEY. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCHESS. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet : 108

No ; it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.

Sound a sennet. Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.

KING HENRY. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come :

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

QUEEN MARGARET. Can you not see ? or will ye not observe 4

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance ?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself ? 8
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
An if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission : 12
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When everyone will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee, 16
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars ;
And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears, 24
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts, 28
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
Suffer them now and they'll o'ergrow the garden, 32
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ; 36
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation if you can 40
Or else conclude my words effectual.

SUFFOLK. Well hath your highness seen into this
duke ;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace's tale. 44
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices :

Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputed of his high descent, 48
As, next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall. 52
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb ;
No, no, my sovereign ; Gloucester is a man 56
Unsound yet, and full of deep deceit.

CARDINAL. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

YORK. And did he not, in his protectorship, 60
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

BUCKINGHAM. Tut ! these are petty faults to faults
unknown, 64
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Hum-
phrey.

KING HENRY. My lords, at once : the care you have
of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise ; but shall I speak my conscience, 68
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given 72
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

QUEEN MARGARET. Ah ! what's more dangerous
than this fond affiance !
Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven : 76
Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf,
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit ?
Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all 80
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

SOMERSET. All health unto my gracious sovereign !

KING HENRY. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France ?

SOMERSET. That all your interest in those territories Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost. 85

KING HENRY. Cold news, Lord Somerset : but God's will be done !

YORK. [Aside.] Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England. 88

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away ;

But I will remedy this gear ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave. 92

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER. All happiness unto my lord the king ! Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

SUFFOLK. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art : 96

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLOUCESTER. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest :

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100

The purest spring is not so free from mud

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

YORK. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France, 104

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;

By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

GLOUCESTER. Is it but thought so ? What are they that think it ?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay, 108

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,

Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,
 That doit that e'er I wrested from the king, 112
 Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
 Be brought against me at my trial-day !
 No ; many a pound of mine own proper store,
 Because I would not tax the needy commons, 116
 Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
 And never ask'd for restitution.

CARDINAL. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

GLOUCESTER. I say no more than truth, so help me God ! 120

YORK. In your protectorship you did devise
 Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
 That England was defam'd by tyranny.

GLOUCESTER. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I
 was protector, 124
 Pity was all the fault that was in me ;
 For I should melt at an offender's tears,
 And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
 Unless it were a bloody murderer, 128
 Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
 I never gave them condign punishment :
 Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
 Above the felon or what trespass else. 132

SUFFOLK. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly
 answer'd :
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
 I do arrest you in his highness' name ; 136
 And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
 To keep until your further time of trial.

KING HENRY. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special
 hope
 That you will clear yourself from all suspect : 140
 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLOUCESTER. Ah ! gracious lord, these days are
 dangerous.
 Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
 And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ; 144

Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life ;
And if my death might make this island happy, 148
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness ;
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril, 152
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue 156
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life : 160
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy. 164
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together ;
Myself had notice of your conventicles ;
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me, 168
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
The ancient proverb will be well effected :
' A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

CARDINAL. My liege, his railing is intolerable. 172
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech, 176
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

SUFFOLK. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady
here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear 180
False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

QUEEN MARGARET. But I can give the loser leave to
chide.

GLOUCESTER. Far truer spoke than meant : I lose,
indeed ;

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false ! 184
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCKINGHAM. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here
all day.

Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CARDINAL. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him
sure. 188

GLOUCESTER. Ah ! thus King Henry throws away
his crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body :

Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,

And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first. 192

Ah ! that my fear were false, ah ! that it were ;

For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[Exeunt Attendants with GLOUCESTER.

KING HENRY. My lords, what to your wisdoms
seemeth best

Do or undo, as if ourself were here. 196

QUEEN MARGARET. What ! will your highness leave
the parliament ?

KING HENRY. Ay, Margaret ; my heart is drown'd
with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,

My body round engirt with misery, 200

For what's more miserable than discontent ?

Ah ! uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;

And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come 204

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What lowering star now envies thy estate,

That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ? 208

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong ;

And as the butcher takes away the calf,

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house, 212

Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence ;

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss ; 216
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case,
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good ;

So mighty are his vowed enemies. 220

His fortunes I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say ' Who 's a traitor, Gloucester he is none.' [Exit.

QUEEN MARGARET. Fair lords, cold snow melts with
the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs, 224

'Too full of foolish pity ; and Gloucester's show

Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile

With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;

Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank, 228

With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child

That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—

And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,— 232

This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,

To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CARDINAL. That he should die is worthy policy ;

And yet we want a colour for his death. 236

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

SUFFOLK. But in my mind that were no policy :

The king will labour still to save his life ;

The commons haply rise to save his life ; 240

And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

SUFFOLK. Ah ! York, no man alive so fain as I. 244

YORK. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his
death.

But my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk.

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,

Were't not all one an empty eagle were set 248

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector ?

QUEEN MARGARET. So the poor chicken should be
sure of death.

SUFFOLK. Madam, 'tis true : and were't not madness, then, 252

To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?

Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over

Because his purpose is not executed. 256

No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege. 260

And do not stand on quillets how to slay him :

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,

Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,

So he be dead ; for that is good deceit 264

Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

QUEEN MARGARET. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

SUFFOLK. Not resolute, except so much were done,

For things are often spoke and seldom meant ; 268

But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,

Say but the word and I will be his priest. 272

CARDINAL. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest :

Say you consent and censure well the deed,

And I'll provide his executioner ; 276

I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUFFOLK. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

QUEEN MARGARET. And so say I.

YORK. And I : and now we three have spoke it, 280
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
again,

To signify that rebels there are up,

And put the Englishmen unto the sword. 284

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,

Before the wound do grow uncurable ;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

CARDINAL. A breach that craves a quick expédient
stop ! 288

What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

YORK. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd ;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France. 292

SOMERSET. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

YORK. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done : 296

I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.

Show me one scar character'd on thy skin : 300

Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

QUEEN MARGARET. Nay then, this spark will prove
a raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.

No more, good York ; sweet Somerset, be still : 304

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

YORK. What ! worse than nought ? nay, then a
shame take all.

SOMERSET. And in the number thee, that wishest
shame. 308

CARDINAL. My Lord of York, try what your fortune
is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :

To Ireland will you lead a band of men, 312

Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

YORK. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

SUFFOLK. Why, our authority is his consent, 316

And what we do establish he confirms :

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

YORK. I am content : provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

SUFFOLK. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

CARDINAL. No more of him : for I will deal with him

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more. 324

And so break off ; the day is almost spent.

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

YORK. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ; 328
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

SUFFOLK. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[Exeunt all except YORK.

YORK. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution : 332

Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art

Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying.

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart. 336

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on
thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 340

Well, nobles, well ; 'tis politicly done,

To send me packing with a host of men :

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me : 345

I take it kindly ; yet be well assur'd

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band, 348

I will stir up in England some black storm

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell ;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage

Until the golden circuit on my head, 352

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,

I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman, 356
 John Cade of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
 Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine :
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen 364
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy, 368
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villanies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute ;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, 372
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble ;
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured, 376
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say that he thrive,—as 'tis great like he will,—
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength, 380
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd ;
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Bury St. Edmund's. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

FIRST MURDERER. Run to my Lord of Suffolk ; let him know

We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

SECOND MURDERER. O ! that it were to do. What have we done ?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

FIRST MURDERER. Here comes my lord.

SUFFOLK. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing ?

FIRST MURDERER. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUFFOLK. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to
my house ; 8

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.

Have you laid fair the bed ? is all things well,

According as I gave directions ? 12

FIRST MURDERER. 'Tis, my good lord.

SUFFOLK. Away ! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.

Sound trumpets. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET,
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and Others.

KING HENRY. Go, call our uncle to our presence
straight ;

Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day, 16

If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

SUFFOLK. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[Exit.

KING HENRY. Lords, take your places ; and, I pray
you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester 20

Than from true evidence, of good esteem,

He be approv'd in practice culpable.

QUEEN MARGARET. God forbid any malice should
prevail

That faultless may condemn a nobleman ! 24

Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion !

KING HENRY. I thank thee, Meg ; these words con-
tent me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now ! why look'st thou pale ? why tremblest
thou ?

Where is our uncle ? what's the matter, Suffolk ? 28

SUFFOLK. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloucester is
dead.

QUEEN MARGARET. Marry, God forbend !

CARDINAL. God's secret judgment : I did dream to-night

The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word. 32

[The KING swoons.]

QUEEN MARGARET. How fares my lord ? Help, lords !
the king is dead.

SOMERSET. Rear up his body ; wring him by the
nose.

QUEEN MARGARET. Run, go, help, help ! O Henry,
ope thine eyes !

SUFFOLK. He doth revive again. Madam, be
patient. 36

KING HENRY. O heavenly God !

QUEEN MARGARET. How fares my gracious lord ?

SUFFOLK. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry,
comfort !

KING HENRY. What ! doth my Lord of Suffolk com-
fort me ?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound ? 44

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words :

Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say :

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight ! 48

Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding :

Yet do not go away ; come, basilisk, 52

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight ;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy,

In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

QUEEN MARGARET. Why do you rate my Lord of
Suffolk thus ? 56

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death :

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans 60
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive. 64
What know I how the world may deem of me ?
For it is known we were but hollow friends :
It may be judg'd I made the duke away :
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded, 68
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy !
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy !

KING HENRY. Ah ! woe is me for Gloucester,
wretched man. 72

QUEEN MARGARET. Be woe for me, more wretched
than he is.

What ! dost thou turn away and hide thy face ?
I am no loathsome leper ; look on me.
What ! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf ? 76
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen,
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb ?
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy :
Erect his statua and worship it, 80
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime ? 84
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say, ' Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ' ?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts 88
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves ;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer, 92
But left that hateful office unto thee :
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness : 96
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret. 100
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob 104
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
And threw it towards thy land : the sea receiv'd it, 108
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart :
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles 112
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—
The agent of thy foul inconstancy—
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did 116
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy !
Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false like him ?
Ay me ! I can no more. Die, Margaret ! 120
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.

The Commons press to the door.

WARWICK. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means. 124
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny, 128
Until they hear the order of his death.

KING HENRY. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis
too true ;
But how he died God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse, 132
And comment then upon his sudden death.

WARWICK. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner chamber. SALISBURY retires.

KING HENRY. O ! Thou that judgest all things, stay
my thoughts, 136
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his deaf dumb trunk, 144
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthly image
What were it but to make my sorrow greater ? 148

Re-enter WARWICK and Others, bearing GLOUCESTER'S body on
a bed.

WARWICK. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view
this body.

KING HENRY. That is to see how deep my grave is
made ;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death. 152

WARWICK. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid 156
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

SUFFOLK. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
tongue !
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow ?

WARWICK. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 162
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart ;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death, 164

Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black and full of blood, 168

His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,

Staring full ghastly like a strangled man ;

His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling :

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd 172

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking ;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd. 176

It cannot be but he was murder'd here ;

The least of all these signs were probable.

SUFFOLK. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke
to death ?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection ; 180

And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

WARWICK. But both of you were vow'd Duke
Humphrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend, 184

And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

QUEEN MARGARET. Then you, belike, suspect these
noblemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

WARWICK. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding
fresh, 188

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter ?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead, 192

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

QUEEN MARGARET. Are you the butcher, Suffolk ?
where's your knife ?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? where are his talons ? 196

SUFFOLK. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men ;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart

That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. 200
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[Exeunt CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, and Others.

WARWICK. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk
dare him ?

QUEEN MARGARET. He dares not calm his contu-
melious spirit, 204

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

WARWICK. Madam, be still, with reverence may I
say ;

For every word you speak in his behalf 208
Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUFFOLK. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour !
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed 212
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

WARWICK. But that the guilt of murder bucklers
thee, 216

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee 220
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st ;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy :
And after all this fearful homage done, 224
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

SUFFOLK. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy
blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me. 228

WARWICK. Away even now, or I will drag thee
hence :

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.

KING HENRY. What stronger breastplate than a
heart untainted ! 232

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[A noise within.

QUEEN MARGARET. What noise is this ? 236

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

KING HENRY. Why, how now, lords ! your wrathful
weapons drawn

Here in our presence ! dare you be so bold ?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?

SUFFOLK. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of
Bury, 240

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

SALISBURY. [Speaking to those within.] Sirs, stand apart ;
the king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death, 244

Or banished fair England's territories,

They will by violence tear him from your palace
And torture him with grievous lingering death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died ; 248

They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;

And mere instinct of love and loyalty,

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking, 252

Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

They say, in care of your most royal person,

That if your highness should intend to sleep,

And charge that no man should disturb your rest 256

In pain of your dislike or pain of death,

Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,

That slily glided towards your majesty, 260

It were but necessary you were wak'd,

Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,

The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal :
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid, 264
That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth, 268
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS. [Within.] An answer from the king, my
Lord of Salisbury !

SUFFOLK. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd
hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign ; 272
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are :
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is that he was the lord ambassador 276
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS. [Within.] An answer from the king, or we
will all break in !

KING HENRY. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care ; 280
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means : 284
And therefore, by his majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death. 288

[Exit SALISBURY.]

QUEEN MARGARET. O Henry ! let me plead for gentle
Suffolk.

KING HENRY. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle
Suffolk !

No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath. 292
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.

[To SUFFOLK.] If after three days' space thou here be'st
found

On any ground that I am ruler of, 296
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt KING HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

QUEEN MARGARET. Mischance and sorrow go along
with you ! 300

Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company !
There's two of you ; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps ! 304

SUFFOLK. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

QUEEN MARGARET. Fie, coward woman and soft-
hearted wretch !

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy ? 308

SUFFOLK. A plague upon them ! Wherefore should
I curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear, 312
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ; 316
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
And even now my burden'd heart would break, 320
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees !
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks ! 324
Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings !
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full !
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell— 328

QUEEN MARGARET. Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou
torment'st thyself ;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself. 332

SUFFOLK. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
leave ?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top, 336
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

QUEEN MARGARET. O ! let me entreat thee, cease !

Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears ; 340
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O ! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[Kisses his hand.

That thou mightst think upon these by the seal, 344
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;
'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want. 348
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself ;
And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go ; speak not to me ; even now be gone. 352
O ! go not yet. Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee ! 356

SUFFOLK. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence ;

A wilderness is populous enough, 360
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation. 364

I can no more : live thou to joy thy life ;
Myself to joy in nought but that thou livest.

Enter VAUX.

QUEEN MARGARET. Whither goes Vaux so fast ?
what news, I prithee ?

VAUX. To signify unto his majesty 368
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death ;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth. 372
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side ; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul : 376
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him,

QUEEN MARGARET. Go tell this heavy message to the
king. [Exit VAUX.

Ay me ! what is this world ! what news are these ! 380
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure ?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears, 384
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows ?
Now get thee hence : the king, thou know'st, is coming ;
If thou be found by me thou art but dead.

SUFFOLK. If I depart from thee I cannot live ; 388
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe, 392
Dying with mother's dug between its lips ;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth : 396
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest ; 400
From thee to die were torture more than death.
O ! let me stay, befall what may befall !

QUEEN MARGARET. Away ! though parting be a fretful corsive,
It is applied to a deathful wound. 404
To France, sweet Suffolk : let me hear from thee ;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

SUFFOLK. I go. 407

QUEEN MARGARET. And take my heart with thee.

SUFFOLK. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we :
This way fall I to death.

QUEEN MARGARET. This way for me. 412
[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.—London. CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S Bedchamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The
CARDINAL in bed ; Attendants with him.

KING HENRY. How fares my lord ? speak, Beaufort,
to thy sovereign.

CARDINAL. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee Eng-
land's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain. 4

KING HENRY. Ah ! what a sign it is of evil life
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

WARWICK. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to
thee.

CARDINAL. Bring me unto my trial when you will. 8
Died he not in his bed ? where should he die ?

Can I make men live whe'r they will or no ?

O ! torture me no more, I will confess.

Alive again ? then show me where he is : 12
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul. 16

Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

KING HENRY. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens !
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch ; 20
 O ! beat away the busy meddling fiend
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge this black despair.

WARWICK. See how the pangs of death do make
 him grin ! 24

SALISBURY. Disturb him not ! let him pass peace-
 ably.

KING HENRY. Peace to his soul, if God's good
 pleasure be !

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. 28
 He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him !

WARWICK. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

KING HENRY. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close ; 32
 And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The Seashore near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a
 Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and Others ;
 with them SUFFOLK disguised, and other Gentlemen,
 prisoners.

CAPTAIN. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
 That drag the tragic melancholy night ; 4
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
 Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
 Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize, 8
 For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
 Master, this prisoner freely give I thee : 12
 And thou that art his mate make boot of this ;

The other [Pointing to SUFFOLK], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. What is my ransom, master ? let me know.

MASTER. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head. 16

MATE. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

CAPTAIN. What ! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen ?

Cut both the villains' throats ! for die you shall : 20

The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum !

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I'll give it, sir ; and therefore spare my life.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. And so will I, and write home for it straight. 24

WHITMORE. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

[To SUFFOLK.] And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die ; And so should these if I might have my will.

CAPTAIN. Be not so rash : take ransom ; let him live. 28

SUFFOLK. Look on my George ; I am a gentleman : Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

WHITMORE. And so am I ; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now ! why start'st thou ? what ! doth death affright ? 32

SUFFOLK. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by Water I should die :

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded ; 36

Thy name is—Gaultier, being rightly sounded.

WHITMORE. Gaultier, or Walter, which it is I care not ;

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot : 40

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world !

[Lays hold on SUFFOLK.

SUFFOLK. Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a
prince, 44

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

WHITMORE. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags !

SUFFOLK. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke :
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I ? 48

CAPTAIN. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

SUFFOLK. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's
blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom. 52

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup ?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head ?

How often hast thou waited at my cup, 56

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

When I have feasted with Queen Margaret ?

Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n ;

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride. 60

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood

And duly waited for my coming forth ?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue. 64

WHITMORE. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn
swain ?

CAPTAIN. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

SUFFOLK. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so
art thou.

CAPTAIN. Convey him hence, and on our longboat's
side 68

Strike off his head.

SUFFOLK. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

CAPTAIN. Yes, Pole.

SUFFOLK. Pole !

CAPTAIN. Pool ! Sir Pool ! lord !

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink ; whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks. 72

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm :
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground ;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's
death, 76

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again :
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord 80

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd 84

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy 88

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain, 92
As hating thee, are rising up in arms :

And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny, 96
Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus'.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms ; 100
And to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away ! convey him hence.

SUFFOLK. O ! that I were a god, to shoot forth
thunder 104

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges.
Small things make base men proud : this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate. 108
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.
It is impossible that I should die

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage, and not remorse in me : 112

I go of message from the queen to France ;

I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel.

CAPTAIN. Walter !

WHITMORE. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death. 116

SUFFOLK. Gelidus timor occupat artus : 'tis thee I fear.

WHITMORE. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What ! are ye daunted now ? now will ye stoop ?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair. 120

SUFFOLK. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit : no, rather let my head 124

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king ;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom. 128

True nobility is exempt from fear :

More can I bear than you dare execute.

CAPTAIN. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUFFOLK. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can, That this my death may never be forgot. 133

Great men oft die by vile bezonians.

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully ; Brutus' bastard hand 136

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders

Pompey the Great ; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit with SUFFOLK, WHITMORE and Others.

CAPTAIN. And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart : 140

Therefore come you with us and let him go.

[Exeunt all but First Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK's body.

WHITMORE. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [Exit.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. O barbarous and bloody spectacle ! 144

His body will I bear unto the king :
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends ;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit with the body.

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

GEORGE. Come, and get thee a sword, though made
of a lath : they have been up these two days.

JOHN. They have the more need to sleep now then.

GEORGE. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means
to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new
nap upon it. 6

JOHN. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well,
I say it was never merry world in England since gentle-
men came up. 9

GEORGE. O miserable age ! Virtue is not regarded in
handicrafts-men.

JOHN. The nobility think scorn to go in leather
aprons. 13

GEORGE. Nay, more ; the king's council are no good
workmen.

JOHN. True ; and yet it is said, ' Labour in thy
vocation ' : which is as much to say as, let the magis-
trates be labouring men ; and therefore should we be
magistrates.

GEORGE. Thou hast hit it ; for there's no better
sign of a brave mind than a hard hand. 21

JOHN. I see them ! I see them ! There's Best's
son, the tanner of Wingham,—

GEORGE. He shall have the skins of our enemies to
make dog's-leather of. 25

JOHN. And Dick the butcher,—

GEORGE. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf. 28

JOHN. And Smith the weaver,—

GEORGE. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

JOHN. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

CADE. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,— 33

DICK. [Aside.] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

CADE. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,— Command silence.

DICK. Silence !

CADE. My father was a Mortimer.— 40

DICK. [Aside.] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

CADE. My mother a Plantagenet,—

DICK. [Aside.] I knew her well ; she was a midwife.

CADE. My wife descended of the Lacies,— 45

DICK. [Aside.] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

SMITH. [Aside.] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK. [Aside.] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable ; and there was he born, under a hedge ; for his father had never a house but the cage. 53

CADE. Valiant I am.

SMITH. [Aside.] A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

CADE. I am able to endure much.

DICK. [Aside.] No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH. [Aside.] He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. 61

DICK. [Aside.] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

CADE. Be brave, then ; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny ; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king,—as king I will be,—

ALL. God save your majesty ! 71

CADE. I thank you, good people : there shall be no money ; all shall eat and drink on my score ; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord. 75

DICK. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment ? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man ? Some say the bee stings ; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now ! who's there ? 83

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

SMITH. The Clerk of Chatham : he can write and read and cast accompt.

CADE. O monstrous !

SMITH. We took him setting of boys' copies.

CADE. Here's a villain ! 88

SMITH. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

CADE. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand. 93

CADE. I am sorry for 't : the man is a proper man, of mine honour ; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name ?

CLERK. Emmanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of letters. 'Twill go hard with you. 100

CADE. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy

name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man ?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name. 105

ALL. He hath confessed : away with him ! he's a villain and a traitor.

CADE. Away with him ! I say : hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. 109

[Exeunt some with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

MICHAEL. Where's our general ?

CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

MICHAEL. Fly, fly, fly ! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces. 113

CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself : he is but a knight, is a' ? 116

MICHAEL. No.

CADE. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [Kneels.] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [Rises.] Now have at him. 120

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM his Brother, with drum and Forces.

STAFFORD. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down ;

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom :

The king is merciful, if you revolt. 124

WILLIAM STAFFORD. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward : therefore yield, or die.

CADE. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not : It is to you, good people, that I speak, 128

O'er whom, in time to come I hope to reign ;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAFFORD. Villain ! thy father was a plasterer ; And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not ? 132

CADE. And Adam was a gardener.

WILLIAM STAFFORD. And what of that ?

CADE. Marry, this : Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not ?

STAFFORD. Ay, sir. 137

CADE. By her he had two children at one birth.

WILLIAM STAFFORD. That's false.

CADE. Ay, there's the question ; but I say, 'tis true : 140

The elder of them, being put to nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman stolen away ;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a bricklayer when he came to age : 144

His son am I ; deny it if you can.

DICK. Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore he shall be king.

SMITH. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; therefore deny it not. 149

STAFFORD. And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what ?

ALL. Ay, marry, will we ; therefore get ye gone.

WILLIAM STAFFORD. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this. 153

CADE. [Aside.] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah ; tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign ; but I'll be protector over him.

DICK. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine. 160

CADE. And good reason ; for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it a eunuch ; and more than that, he can speak French ; and therefore he is a traitor.

STAFFORD. O gross and miserable ignorance ! 167

CADE. Nay, answer, if you can : the Frenchmen are our enemies ; go to then, I ask but this, can he that

speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no ? 171

ALL. No, no ; and therefore we'll have his head.

WILLIAM STAFFORD. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.

STAFFORD. Herald, away ; and throughout every town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade ; 176

That those which fly before the battle ends

May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors :

And you, that be the king's friends, follow me. 180

[Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.]

CADE. And you, that love the commons, follow me.

Now show yourselves men ; 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon, 184

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

DICK. They are all in order, and march toward us.

CADE. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march ! forward ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

CADE. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford ?

DICK. Here, sir.

CADE. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house : therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is ; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

DICK, I desire no more. 8

CADE. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear ; [Puts on SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD'S armour.] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London,

where we will have the Mayor's sword borne before us.

DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners. 16

CADE. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, reading a supplication; the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and LORD SAY with him: at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.

QUEEN MARGARET. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep and look on this? 4

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;

But where's the body that I should embrace?

BUCKINGHAM. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels' supplication? 8

KING HENRY. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;

For God forbid so many simple souls

Should perish by the sword! And I myself,

Rather than bloody war shall cut them short, 12

Will parley with Jack Cade their general.

But stay, I'll read it over once again.

QUEEN MARGARET. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face

Rul'd like a wandering planet over me, 16

And could it not enforce them to relent,

That were unworthy to behold the same?

KING HENRY. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

SAY. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

KING HENRY. How now, madam!

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me. 24

QUEEN MARGARET. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

KING HENRY. How now ! what news ? why com'st thou in such haste ?

MESSANGER. The rebels are in Southwark ; fly, my lord !

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer, 28
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,

And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude 32
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless :

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, 36
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

KING HENRY. O graceless men ! they know not what they do.

BUCKINGHAM. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,

Until a power be rais'd to put them down. 40

QUEEN MARGARET. Ah ! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

KING HENRY. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee, 44
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

SAY. So might your Grace's person be in danger.

The sight of me is odious in their eyes ;

And therefore in this city will I stay,

And live alone as secret as I may. 48

Enter a second Messenger.

SECOND MESSENGER. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge ;

The citizens fly and forsake their houses ;

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

Join with the traitor ; and they jointly swear 52

To spoil the city and your royal court.

BUCKINGHAM. Then linger not, my lord ; away !
take horse.

KING HENRY. Come, Margaret ; God, our hope, will
succour us.

QUEEN MARGARET. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is
deceas'd. 56

KING HENRY. [To LORD SAY.] Farewell, my lord : trust
not the Kentish rebels.

BUCKINGHAM. Trust nobody, for fear you be be-
tray'd.

SAY. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower.

Enter LORD SCALES and Others, on the Walls. Then enter
certain Citizens, below.

SCALES. How now ! is Jack Cade slain ?

FIRST CITIZEN. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain ;
for they have won the bridge, killing all those that
withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your
honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the
rebels.

SCALES. Such aid as I can spare you shall command ;
But I am troubled here with them myself ; 8
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe :
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ; 12
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—London. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE and his Followers. He strikes his staff on
London-stone.

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here,
sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that,
of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but
claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, hence-
forward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other
than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

SOLDIER. Jack Cade ! Jack Cade ! 7

CADE. Knock him down there. [They kill him.

SMITH. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more : I think he hath a very fair warning.

DICK. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield. 12

CADE. Come then, let's go fight with them. But first, go and set London bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Same. Smithfield.

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE and his company ; on the other, Citizens, and the KING'S Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOFFE. They fight ; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOFFE is slain.

CADE. So, sirs :—Now go some and pull down the Savoy ; others to the inns of court : down with them all.

DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word. 5

DICK. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

JOHN. [Aside.] Mass, 'twill be sore law then ; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

SMITH. [Aside.] Nay, John, it will be stinking law ; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. 12

CADE. I have thought upon it ; it shall be so. Away ! burn all the records of the realm : my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

JOHN. [Aside.] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. 17

CADE. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSANGER. My lord, a prize, a prize ! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France ; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy. 23

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

CADE. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah! thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord; now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when indeed only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

SAY. What of that?

47

CADE. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

52

SAY. You men of Kent,—

DICK. What say you of Kent?

SAY. Nothing but this: 'tis bona terra, mala gens.

CADE. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

57

SAY. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;

60

The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy ; 64
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done ;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands, 68
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you ?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God, 72
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me :
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings 76
For your behoof,—

CADE. Tut ! when struck'st thou one blow in the field ?

SAY. Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead. 80

GEORGE. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind folks !

SAY. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

CADE. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again. 85

SAY. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes, Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet. 89

DICK. Why dost thou quiver, man ?

SAY. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

CADE. Nay, he nods at us ; as who should say, I'll be even with you : I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away and behead him.

SAY. Tell me wherein have I offended most ?
Have I affected wealth, or honour ? speak. 96
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death ? 99
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O ! let me live.

CADE. [Aside.] I feel remorse in myself with his words ; but I'll bridle it : he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him ! he has a familiar under his tongue ; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently ; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL. It shall be done.

SAY. Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your prayers, 112

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls ?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

CADE. Away with him ! and do as I command ye.
[Exeunt some, with LORD SAY.] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute ; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it ; men shall hold of me in capite ; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

DICK. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills ? 125

CADE. Marry, presently.

ALL. O ! brave !

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law.

CADE. But is not this braver ? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night : for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets ; and at every corner have them kiss. Away ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—The Same. Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE and all his Rabblement.

CADE. Up Fish Street ! down St. Magnus' Corner !
kill and knock down ! throw them into Thames !
[A parley sounded, then a retreat.] What noise is this I hear ?
Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I
command them kill ? 5

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

BUCKINGHAM. Ay, here they be that dare and will
disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled ; 8
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

CLIFFORD. What say ye, countrymen ? will ye
relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you, 12
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths ?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say ' God save his majesty ! '
Who hateth him, and honours not his father, 16
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

ALL. God save the king ! God save the king !

CADE. What ! Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so
brave ? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him ?
will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your
necks ? Hath my sword therefore broke through London
Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in
Southwark ? I thought ye would never have given out
these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom ;
but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to
live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your
backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads,
ravish your wives and daughters before your faces : for
me, I will make shift for one, and so, God's curse light
upon you all ! 32

ALL. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade !

CLIFFORD. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him ?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France, 36
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?
Alas ! he hath no home, no place to fly to ;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us. 40
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you ?
Methinks already in this civil broil 44
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying Villiago ! unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy. 48
To France, to France ! and get what you have lost ;
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ;
God on our side, doubt not of victory. 52

ALL. A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we'll follow the king
and Clifford.

CADE. [Aside.] Was ever feather so lightly blown to
and fro as this multitude ? The name of Henry the
Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes
them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads
together to surprise me. My sword make way for me,
for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell,
have through the very midst of you ! and heavens
and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in
me, but only my followers' base and ignominious
treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

BUCKINGHAM. What, is he fled ? go some, and follow
him ;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers : we'll devise a mean 68
To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace.

KING HENRY. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I ?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king at nine months old : 4
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD.

BUCKINGHAM. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty !

KING HENRY. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd ? 8
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

Enter, below, a number of CADE's followers, with halters about their necks.

CLIFFORD. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield ;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death. 12

KING HENRY. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise !
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country :
Continue still in this so good a mind, 17
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind :
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

ALL. God save the king ! God save the king !

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland ; 24

And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses, and stout kerns,
Is marching hitherward in proud array ;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along, 28
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

KING HENRY. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and
York distress'd ;

Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest, 32
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd ;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him, 36
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower ;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him. 40

SOMERSET. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

KING HENRY. In any case, be not too rough in
terms ; 44

For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

BUCKINGHAM. I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to
deal

As all things shall redound unto your good.

KING HENRY. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
govern better ; 48

For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

CADE. Fie on ambition ! fie on myself, that have
a sword, and yet am ready to famish ! These five days
have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out,
for all the country is laid for me ; but now I am so
hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a
thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on
a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if

I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good : for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill ; and many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in ; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN with Servants behind.

IDEN. Lord ! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ? 17
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning, 20
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy :
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

CADE. [Aside.] Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain ! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him ; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part. 29

IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not ; why then should I betray thee ?
Is't not enough to break into my garden, 32
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms ?

CADE. Brave thee ! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well : I have eat no meat these five days ; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more. 41

IDEN. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man. 44

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks :
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser ;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist ; 48
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon ;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast ;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth. 52
As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

CADE. By my valour, the most complete champion
that ever I heard ! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou
sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou
mayst be turned to hobnails. [They fight ; CADE falls.] O,
I am slain ! Famine and no other hath slain me : let
ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but
the ten meals I have lost, and I'll defy them all. Wither,
garden ; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that
do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul
of Cade is fled. 65

IDEN. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
traitor ?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead : 68
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got. 71

CADE. Iden, farewell ; and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and
exhort all the world to be cowards ; for I, that never
feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

[Dies.

IDEN. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my
judge. 76
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee !
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels 80
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,

And there cut off thy most ungracious head ;
 Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
 Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. 84

[Exit, with Servants, dragging out the body.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Kent. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The KING's camp on one side. On the other, enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

YORK. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his
 right,
 And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :
 Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
 To entertain great England's lawful king. 4
 Ah sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear ?
 Let them obey that know not how to rule ;
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold :
 I cannot give due action to my words, 8
 Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
 A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb me ?
 The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble. 13

BUCKINGHAM. York, if thou meanest well, I greet
 thee well.

YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
 greeting.
 Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ? 16

BUCKINGHAM. A messenger from Henry, our dread
 liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace ;
 Or why thou,—being a subject as I am,—
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20
 Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK. [Aside.] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great :

O ! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint, 24
I am so angry at these abject terms ;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king, 28
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts ;
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.
[Aloud.] Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me, 32
That I have given no answer all this while ;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king, 36
Seditious to his Grace and to the state.

BUCKINGHAM. That is too much presumption on thy part :
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand : 40
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK. Upon thine honour, is he a prisoner ?

BUCKINGHAM. Upon mine honour, he is a prisoner.

YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all ; disperse yourselves ; 45
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and everything you wish,
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry, 48
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love ;
I'll send them all as willing as I live :
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have 52
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

BUCKINGHAM. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

KING HENRY. Buckingham, doth York intend no
harm to us, 56
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

YORK. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.

KING HENRY. Then what intend these forces thou
dost bring ? 60

YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head.

IDEN. If one so rude and of so mean condition 64
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo ! I present your Grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

KING HENRY. The head of Cade ! Great God, how
just art thou ! 68

O ! let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him ?

IDEN. I was, an't like your majesty. 72

KING HENRY. How art thou call'd, and what is thy
degree ?

IDEN. Alexander Iden, that's my name ;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

BUCKINGHAM. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not
amiss 76

He were created knight for his good service.

KING HENRY. Iden, kneel down. [He kneels.] Rise up
a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege !

KING HENRY. See ! Buckingham ! Somerset comes
with the queen :

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke. 84

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

QUEEN MARGARET. For thousand Yorks he shall not
hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

YORK. How now ! is Somerset at liberty ?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts 88
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset ?
False king ! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse ? 92
King did I call thee ? no, thou art not king ;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown ; 96
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place : by heaven, thou shalt rule no more 104
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

SOMERSET. O monstrous traitor :—I arrest thee,
York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor ; kneel for grace. 108

YORK. Wouldst have me kneel ? first let me ask of
these

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail : [Exit an Attendant.
I know ere they will have me go to ward, 112
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

QUEEN MARGARET. Call hither Clifford ; bid him
come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father. 116

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge !
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail ; and bane to those 120
That for my surety will refuse the boys !

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces at one side ; at the other, with Forces also, Old CLIFFORD and his Son.

See where they come : I'll warrant they'll make it good.
QUEEN MARGARET. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

CLIFFORD. [Kneeling.] Health and all happiness to my lord the king ! 124

YORK. I thank thee, Clifford : say, what news with thee ?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look :
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee. 128

CLIFFORD. This is my king, York, I do not mistake ;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do.

To Bedlam with him ! is the man grown mad ?

KING HENRY. Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious humour 132

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIFFORD. He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

QUEEN MARGARET. He is arrested, but will not obey :
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him, 137

YORK. Will you not, sons ?

EDWARD. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

RICHARD. And if words will not, then our weapons shall. 140

CLIFFORD. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here !

YORK. Look in a glass, and call thy image so :
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears, 144
That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs :

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

CLIFFORD. Are these thy bears ? we'll bait thy
bears to death, 148
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou darest bring them to the baiting-place.

RICHARD. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld ; 152
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried :
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

CLIFFORD. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested
lump, 157
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape !

YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIFFORD. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn
yourselves. 160

KING HENRY. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot
to bow ?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son !
What ! wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles ? 165
O, where is faith ? O, where is loyalty ?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth ? 168
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood ?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience ?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it ? 172
For shame ! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

SALISBURY. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke ; 176
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

KING HENRY. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto
me ?

SALISBURY. I have. 180

KING HENRY. Canst thou dispense with heaven for
such an oath ?

SALISBURY. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow 184

To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right, 188
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?

QUEEN MARGARET. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

KING HENRY. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself. 192

YORK. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

CLIFFORD. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

WARWICK. You were best to go to bed and dream again, 196

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

CLIFFORD. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, 200
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

WARWICK. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,— 204
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

CLIFFORD. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it underfoot with all contempt, 209
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

YOUNG CLIFFORD. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices. 212

RICHARD. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

YOUNG CLIFFORD. Foul stigmatic, that's more than
thou canst tell. 215

RICHARD. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[Exit severally.]

SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

WARWICK. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air, 4
Clifford, I say, come forth, and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what! all afoot? 8
YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well. 12

Enter Old CLIFFORD.

WARWICK. Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other
chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
WARWICK. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
fight'st. 16

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit.

CLIFFORD. What seest thou in me, York? why dost
thou pause?

YORK. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy. 21

CLIFFORD. Nor should thy prowess want praise and
esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

YORK. So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it. 25

CLIFFORD. My soul and body on the action both!

YORK. A dreadful lay! address thee instantly.

CLIFFORD. La fin couronne les œuvres. 28

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls and dies.

YORK. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will ! [Exit.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD. Shame and confusion ! all is on the rout :

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds 32

Where it should guard. O war ! thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance ! Let no soldier fly : 36

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love ; nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour. [Seeing his father's body.

O ! let the vile world end, 40

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit heaven and earth together ;

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds 44

To cease !—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days thus 48

To die in ruffian battle ? Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 'tis mine.

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares ;

No more will I their babes : tears virginal 52

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire ;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity : 56

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it

As mild Medea young Absyrtus did :

In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house :

[Taking up the body.

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
But then Æneas bare a living load, 64
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET, fighting ; SOMERSET is killed.

RICHARD. So, lie thou there ;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset 68
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

Alarums : Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET,
and Others, retreating.

QUEEN MARGARET. Away, my lord ! you are slow :
for shame, away ! 72

KING HENRY. Can we outrun the heavens ? good
Margaret, stay.

QUEEN MARGARET. What are you made of ? you'll
nor fight nor fly :

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us 76
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes : but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect, 80
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD. But that my heart's on future
mischief set, 84

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly ;
But fly you must : incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief ! and we will live 88
To see their day and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away ! [Exeunt.

**THE THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH**

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

INTRODUCTION

IN the Introduction to the Second Part of *King Henry VI* a brief survey of the controversy concerning the authorship of the two latter plays of this trilogy has been attempted. But nothing has been said of the value of these plays as works of art. That they are as such inferior to the other historical plays of Shakespeare cannot be denied; none the less it is certain that as we possess them in the folio they take higher rank than any historical drama of a date preceding that of *Richard III* and *Richard II*, with perhaps the solitary exception of Marlowe's *Edward II*.

The time represented was a welter, almost a chaos, of contending forces; and the impression left upon our minds when we rise from a perusal of the plays is that of a chaos, from which, however, before the close, some dominant forces emerge. In the Second Part the tug this way and that of rival powers is exhibited chiefly as a preparation for civil war, but in the fifth Act the fierce contention passes to the battlefield; in the Third Part all restraint has been cast aside; we are in the midst of ceaseless internecine strife. It can hardly be maintained that the plays are well designed for the presentation of character; and yet character rises from the chaos. Through both plays moves the helpless king, whose true place would have been in the cloister and not upon the throne. From the first scene, in which he welcomes the formidable woman who can dandle him like a baby, to that in which he sighs out a prayer for pardon of his murderer, the conception of

Henry VI is maintained. The true saints are champions of God ; Henry's saintliness is the negation of manly virtue as much as the negation of vice, so that a criminal might have caused less evil than he in the process of pulling fair England down. And yet we are made to feel that everything has been against him ; he is like a child thrown into a maelstrom ; he is whirled round and round ; he is sucked in and is lost. The same child might have been seated in a field—had luck been his—and looked gracious enough while weaving a daisy-chain. And, in a drama where hatred and greed and ferocity of temper play so large a part, we can pity Henry though we cannot respect him. We cannot see that, being born what he is, he could have played his part better than he does. He is not like Shakespeare's Richard II, a royal wanton. He is only pitifully incapable, and condemned by fate to be a king. To be the son of the great victor of Agincourt—an infant crowned at nine months old—was, for such an one as he, in itself a misfortune ; to reign and be in tutelage, to be surrounded by his ' wolfish earls ', to be the husband of the false and domineering Margaret, to be the rival of the crafty and ambitious York—such was Henry's fate, and, with his cloistral spirit, what more can he do than sigh for peace, seek to wear the white flower of a blameless life, shrink from the stern duties of authority, rejoice when he can imagine that he escapes responsibility ?

Around this pitiable lover of peace at any price all is a tumult of contention from the first. The haughty Cardinal is at odds with Duke Humphrey, who must be pulled down and destroyed because he is the only true supporter of the throne. Every man's hand is against his fellow, but a warring group can co-operate, each for reasons of his own, in the ruin of Gloucester—the Cardinal because he has long been the Protector's enemy, Buckingham because he would step into the Protector's place, Suffolk and the Queen because they have a greed for power, and would be unchecked in their guilty passion, York because he has already fixed his

gaze upon the crown. Here at the outset we have chaos in its elements. And through Humphrey's ambitious wife the attack can be directed against the Duke himself. Gloucester errs a little through the placidity of his temper, and his over-confidence in the security of honesty in a world of evil. We should perhaps like him better if he did not quite so easily abandon his wife to her disgrace, and if he opposed the energy of militant virtue to the ill-doers who are compassing his death. He is touched with something of the fatuity of his nephew the king. 'The shepherd of the flock' is too easily snared :—

Had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

It was in his power to have commanded the commons, and to have encircled his authority with loyal hearts. Even when they are but 'an angry hive of bees that want their leader' they are strong enough to wring the decree of Suffolk's banishment from the perplexed and unhappy King.

The terrible death of Cardinal Beaufort, and the murder of Suffolk by pirates follow. The circle of the King's enemies is broken, but he is now without defence, and one determined antagonist—York—in union with his sons is more formidable than the crew of jarring, if hostile, forces. And by York's devices the power of the commons under the leadership of Cade has been turned against the King. In his handling of Cade's rebellion the dramatist was guided by the chroniclers, who were themselves imperfectly informed. The humour of some of the scenes affords a welcome relief, and it is not easy to believe that such humour is that of Greene or even Peele ; it seems, as much as anything else in these plays, to bear the stamp and impress of the Shakespearean mint. Even when Shakespeare admits, as sometimes he does, that the heart of the common folk of England or of Rome is

sound, he shows scant reverence for their head, and if he despises anything he despises the demagogue. The mockery of communism which we hear in *Henry VI* is the same mockery which we hear some twenty years later from that honest old counsellor, Gonzalo, in *The Tempest*. In the good time coming—so announces Jack Cade—‘there shall be in England seven half-penny loafessold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass.’ Yet, if these scenes be early work of Shakespeare, it is not a little remarkable that we are given nothing of a like kind in the later *Richard II*. Perhaps when fully started upon his career as a writer of comedy Shakespeare found sufficient outlet for his gift of humour there; his work in historical drama grew more poetic, and it was not until the days of his *Henry IV* (setting aside such saturnine, ironic humour as we find in *Richard III*, and such mettlesome high spirits as we find in the Faulconbridge of *King John*) that laughter again lights up the pages of his histories.

The downfall of Duke Humphrey and his Duchess, the conscience-stricken deathbed of the Cardinal, the slaughter of the Queen’s lover, the outbreak of the commons, the rise of York make up the Second Part of *Henry VI*. There is abundance of dramatic material in the play; but it is developed too much in the fashion of our early historical plays, having the unity of a chronicle rather than the unity of a drama. Without interruption the action proceeds to the Third Part. For long it is the tug of power this way and that, battle pursuing battle:—

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
 Forc’d by the tide to combat with the wind;
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
 Forc’d to retire by fury of the wind:
 Sometimes the flood prevails, and then the wind.

The persons represented are too constantly in the same

attitude of battle-fury and fierce antagonism to permit any very interesting or complex study of character. A reader wearies of the monotony of combat and rage; the speeches are too often the baying of wolves, nor is it always easy to distinguish the voice of one wolf from that of another. Now and again the savagery is heightened and some decuman wave of horror gives a variation to the scene of turmoil. So it is, for example, with the fantastic butchery of York. And, as if nature were upheaved from the centre, a woman is the most gleeful and exultant of his persecutors. Now and again some great verses make amends for what goes before or follows after :

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

In one scene we are presented with the outrages of civil war condensed, as it were, to an abstract or an essence. The wretched Henry has been chidden from the battle, which prospers best when he is withdrawn from it; his imagination is indulging in some pretty fancies of a pastoral peace. Suddenly the alarum is heard; a son enters 'that has killed his father', dragging in the body, and presently a father 'that has killed his son'. Nothing is known of these obscure men; no one of them is distinguished by a name. They are the piteous, masked presenters of civil war. There are some words of remorseful grief; the King is caught away suddenly from his imaginary Arcady. And then the incident is over, and the alarums and excursions begin anew.

The portentous figure of Queen Margaret appears in each play of the trilogy and reappears as that of a forlorn and haggard prophetess of woe in *King Richard III*. She is like the terrible spirit of this age of strife. Perhaps the death of her lover Suffolk has helped to turn her into the fury that she is. And yet she has borne a gallant son, and through her

love and pride in him has not quite ceased to be woman :

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !
You have no children, butchers !

‘For her invention, or for retrieving her from the chronicles,’ I have written in an essay on Shakespeare’s portraiture of women, ‘perhaps we owe more thanks to Marlowe than to Shakespeare ; but doubtless the conception of Marlowe was adopted by Shakespeare, and was heightened and refined. We follow her whole history from the day on which in the glory of early womanhood she meets Suffolk, the Lancelot of this Guinevere, to the day when grey-haired, loverless, husbandless, and childless, she seats herself in the dust by the side of the mother and the wife of her royal antagonist Edward the Fourth, and teaches them with terrible sounding of the depths of misery, how to curse their enemies. . . . Beautiful, false, amorous, tyrannous, cruel, remorseless, Margaret had been in her days of pride and power. When deprived of all that makes life precious in her eyes, she returns in wretchedness to haunt the place of her former greatness.’ The outcries of women which sound through all the historical plays except *King Henry V* become a modulated chorus of lamentation in *King Richard III*.

The last play of the Yorkist tetralogy—*Richard III*—has its basis laid in the Third Part of *Henry VI*. The character of Richard is already defined, and though afterwards developed this is not so much by growth or alteration as by the greater opportunities which are given for its manifestation. Except through a certain loyal admiration for his great father, Richard from the first is separated from the rest of mankind, and is driven in upon his sole self. His deformed body has set him at odds with nature ; love can never be known to him ; only by power can he revenge himself on life. We see already that he will sweep out of his way the feeble Henry and the easy-natured Clarence. He can bide his time, though not without impatience, till the

voluptuous Edward no longer will stand between him and the crown. A daemonic energy is pent up in his misshaped frame ; to let it loose upon the world is a necessity of his existence. At the close of the second scene of the third Act of this play, and again at the close of the sixth scene of the fifth Act, he expounds the open secret of his nature in soliloquy, as he does again in the opening lines of the tragedy which bears his name. Were his hand not as prompt in action as his heart in malice and ambitious desire, Richard would consume away as with an inward fire. Perhaps the greatest feat of Richard's life is not that he has overpowered Anne with the very mockery of love ; it is that he has compelled the insufferably placable Henry to rail against him before the fatal thrust is given. Nor is it only the character of Richard in this play which prepares us for its successor. We are granted—the one ray of hope in the darkness of the cloudy strife—a prophecy, and from Henry's lips, of the close of the whole contention as we shall find it fulfilled after the battle of Bosworth. The King lays his hand on the young Earl of Richmond's head :—

Come hither, England's hope : If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

And in due time we shall hear the words of fulfilment :—

Then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :
Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.

LEWIS THE ELEVENTH, King of France.

DUKE OF SOMERSET,

DUKE OF EXETER,

EARL OF OXFORD,

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

EARL OF WESTMORELAND,

LORD CLIFFORD,

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward

the Fourth,

EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,

GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,

DUKE OF NORFOLK,

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,

EARL OF WARWICK,

EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD HASTINGS,

LORD STAFFORD,

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,

SIR HUGH MORTIMER,

HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, a Youth.

LORD RIVERS, Brother to Lady Grey.

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Tutor to Rutland.

Mayor of York.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

A Nobleman.

Two Keepers. A Huntsman.

A Son that has killed his Father.

A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth.

BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward,
Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE.—During part of the Third Act, in France; during the
rest of the Play, in England.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in. Then, enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Others, with white roses in their hats.

WARWICK. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

YORK. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away and left his men :

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, 4

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,

Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,

Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,

Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in 8

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDWARD. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerously ;

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow : 12

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody sword.

MONTAGUE. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

[To YORK, showing his.

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

RICHARD. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[Throwing down the DUKE OF SOMERSET's head.

YORK. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.

But, is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset ? 18

NORFOLK. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

RICHARD. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's
head. 20

WARWICK. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close. 24
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

YORK. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force. 29

NORFOLK. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die.

YORK. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my
lords ;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night. 32

WARWICK. And when the king comes, offer him no
violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[The Soldiers retire.]

YORK. The queen this day here holds her parlia-
ment,
But little thinks we shall be of her council : 36
By words or blows here let us win our right.

RICHARD. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this
house.

WARWICK. The bloody parliament shall this be
call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, 40
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

YORK. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right. 44

WARWICK. Neither the king, nor he that loves him
best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares. 48
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself.]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and Others, with red roses in their hats.

KING HENRY. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state ! belike he means—

Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer— 52

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,

And thine, Lord Clifford ; and you both have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends. 56

NORTHUMBERLAND. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me !

CLIFFORD. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

WESTMORELAND. What ! shall we suffer this ? let 's pluck him down :

My heart for anger burns ; I cannot brook it. 60

KING HENRY. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

CLIFFORD. Patience is for poltroons, such as he :

He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament 64

Let us assail the family of York.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Well hast thou spoken, cousin : be it so.

KING HENRY. Ah ! know you not the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ? 68

EXETER. But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

KING HENRY. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house !

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats, 72

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[They advance to the DUKE.

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet ;
I am thy sovereign.

YORK. I am thine. 76

EXETER. For shame ! come down : he made thee
Duke of York.

YORK. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

EXETER. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

WARWICK. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown

In following this usurping Henry. 81

CLIFFORD. Whom should he follow but his natural
king ?

WARWICK. True, Clifford ; and that's Richard,
Duke of York.

KING HENRY. And shall I stand, and thou sit in
my throne ? 84

YORK. It must and shall be so : content thyself.

WARWICK. Be Duke of Lancaster : let him be king.

WESTMORELAND. He is both king and Duke of
Lancaster ;

And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain. 88

WARWICK. And Warwick shall disprove it. You
forget

That we are those which chas'd you from the field

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates. 92

NORTHUMBERLAND. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to
my grief ;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WESTMORELAND. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy
sons,

Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives 96

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

CLIFFORD. Urge it no more ; lest that instead of
words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

WARWICK. Poor Clifford ! how I scorn his worthless
threats.

YORK. Will you we show our title to the crown ?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

KING HENRY. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown ? 104.

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York ;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March ;
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop, 108
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

WARWICK. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

KING HENRY. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I :
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old. 112

RICHARD. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

EDWARD. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

MONTAGUE. [To YORK.] Good brother, as thou lov'st
and honour'st arms, 116.

Let 's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

RICHARD. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king
will fly.

YORK. Sons, peace !

KING HENRY. Peace thou ! and give King Henry
leave to speak. 120.

WARWICK. Plantagenet shall speak first : hear him,
lords ;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

KING HENRY. Think'st thou that I will leave my
kingly throne, 124

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?

No : first shall war unpeople this my realm ;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow, 128

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords ?

My title 's good, and better far than his.

WARWICK. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be
king.

KING HENRY. Henry the Fourth by conquest got
the crown. 132

YORK. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

KING HENRY. [Aside.] I know not what to say : my title's weak.

[Aloud.] Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

YORK. What then ? 136

KING HENRY. An if he may, then am I lawful king ;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

YORK. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WARWICK. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown ? 144

EXETER. No ; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

KING HENRY. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter ?

EXETER. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

YORK. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not ?

EXETER. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

KING HENRY. [Aside.] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st, 152

Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

WARWICK. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Thou art deceiv'd : 'tis not thy southern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, 156

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

CLIFFORD. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence : 160

May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father !

KING HENRY. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

YORK. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown. 164
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

WARWICK. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,

Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits, 168
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.

KING HENRY. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one
word :—

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

YORK. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest. 173

KING HENRY. I am content : Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

CLIFFORD. What wrong is this unto the prince your
son ! 176

WARWICK. What good is this to England and him-
self !

WESTMORELAND. Base, fearful, and despairing
Henry !

CLIFFORD. How hast thou injur'd both thyself
and us !

WESTMORELAND. I cannot stay to hear these
articles. 180

NORTHUMBERLAND. Nor I.

CLIFFORD. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these
news.

WESTMORELAND. Farewell, faint-hearted and degene-
rate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides. 184

NORTHUMBERLAND. Be thou a prey unto the house
of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed !

CLIFFORD. In dreadful war mayst thou be over-
come,

Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd ! 188

[Exit NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

WARWICK. Turn this way, Henry, and regard
them not.

EXETER. They seek revenge and therefore will not
yield.

KING HENRY. Ah ! Exeter.

WARWICK. Why should you sigh, my lord ?

KING HENRY. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but
my son, 192

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may ; I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever ;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath 196

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign ;

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

YORK. This oath I willingly take and will perform.

[Coming from the throne.

WARWICK. Long live King Henry ! Plantagenet,
embrace him.

KING HENRY. And long live thou and these thy
forward sons ! 203

YORK. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

EXETER. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them
foes ! [Sennet. The Lords come forward.

YORK. Farewell, my gracious lord ; I'll to my castle.

WARWICK. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

NORFOLK. And I to Norfolk with my followers. 208

MONTAGUE. And I unto the sea from whence I
came. [Exeunt YORK and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK,

MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.

KING HENRY. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the
court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.

EXETER. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray
her anger :

I'll steal away. [Going.

KING HENRY. Exeter, so will I. [Going.

QUEEN MARGARET. Nay, go not from me ; I will
follow thee. 213

KING HENRY. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will
stay.

QUEEN MARGARET. Who can be patient in such
extremes ?

Ah ! wretched man ; would I had died a maid, 216

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus ?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 220
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood
there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir, 224
And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE. Father, you cannot disinherit me :
If you be king, why should not I succeed ?

KING HENRY. Pardon me, Margaret ; pardon me,
sweet son ; 228

The Earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

QUEEN MARGARET. Enforc'd thee ! art thou king,
and wilt be forc'd ?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah ! timorous wretch ;
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ; 232
And given unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre, 236
And creep into it far before thy time ?

Warwick is chancellor and the Lord of Calais ;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas ;
The duke is made protector of the realm ; 240
And yet shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes 244
Before I would have granted to that act ;

But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour :
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed, 248
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread ; 252
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away ;

Our army is ready ; come, we'll after them. 256

KING HENRY. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

QUEEN MARGARET. Thou hast spoke too much already : get thee gone.

KING HENRY. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ? 259

QUEEN MARGARET. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

PRINCE. When I return with victory from the field I'll see your Grace : till then, I'll follow her.

QUEEN MARGARET. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[Exit QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.]

KING HENRY. Poor queen ! how love to me and to her son 264

Hath made her break out into terms of rage.

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle 268

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !

The loss of those three lords torments my heart :

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.

Come, cousin ; you shall be the messenger. 272

EXETER. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

RICHARD. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

EDWARD. No, I can better play the orator.

MONTAGUE. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

YORK. Why, how now, sons and brother ! at a strife ? 4

What is your quarrel ? how began it first ?

EDWARD. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

YORK. About what ?

RICHARD. About that which concerns your Grace
and us ; 8

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

YORK. Mine, boy ? not till King Henry be dead.

RICHARD. Your right depends not on his life or
death.

EDWARD. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe, 13
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

YORK. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

EDWARD. But for a kingdom any oath may be
broken ; 16

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

RICHARD. No ; God forbid your Grace should be
forsworn.

YORK. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

RICHARD. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me
speak. 20

YORK. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

RICHARD. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate
That hath authority over him that swears : 24

Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms ! And, father, do but think 28
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest 32
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

YORK. Richard, enough, I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently, 36
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, 40

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more, 44
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay : what news ? why comest thou in such
post ? 48

MESSENGER. The queen with all the northern earls
and lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord. 52

YORK. Ay, with my sword. What ! think'st thou
that we fear them ?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;
My brother Montague shall post to London :
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest, 56
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

MONTAGUE. Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it
not : 60

And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

YORK. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us. 64

SIR JOHN. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the
field.

YORK. What ! with five thousand men ?

RICHARD. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need :
A woman's general ; what should we fear ? 68

[A march afar off.

EDWARD. I hear their drums ; let's set our men
in order,

And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

YORK. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory. 72

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarum. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Field of Battle between Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.

RUTLAND. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?

Ah! tutor, look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

CLIFFORD. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke, 4
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

TUTOR. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIFFORD. Soldiers, away with him.

TUTOR. Ah! Clifford, murder not this innocent child, 8

Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.

CLIFFORD. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

RUTLAND. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch 12

That trembles under his devouring paws;

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,

And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword, 16

And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live. 20

CLIFFORD. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

RUTLAND. Then let my father's blood open it again :
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him. 24

CLIFFORD. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me :
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains, 28
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And till I root out their accursed line, 32
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [Lifting his hand.

RUTLAND. O ! let me pray before I take my death.
To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me ! 36

CLIFFORD. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUTLAND. I never did thee harm : why wilt thou slay me ?

CLIFFORD. Thy father hath.

RUTLAND. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son ; for his sake pity me, 40
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah ! let me live in prison all my days ;
And when I give occasion of offence, 44
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIFFORD. No cause !

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die. [Stabs him.

RUTLAND. Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ !

[Dies.

CLIFFORD. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet ! 49
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.

SCENE IV.--Another Part of the Plains.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

YORK. The army of the queen hath got the field :
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind, 4
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown by life or death. 8
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
 And thrice cried, ' Courage, father ! fight it out ! '
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple falchion, painted to the hilt 12
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried, ' Charge ! and give no foot of ground ! '
 And cried, ' A crown, or else a glorious tomb ! 16
 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre ! '
 With this, we charg'd again ; but out, alas !
 We bodg'd again : as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide, 20
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarum within.

Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue ;
 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury ;
 And were I strong I would not shun their fury : 24
 The sands are number'd that make up my life ;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, the
 young PRINCE, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage : 28
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Yield to our mercy, proud
 Plantagenet.

CLIFFORD. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
 With downright payment show'd unto my father. 32

Now Phæthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

YORK. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all ; 36
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not ? what ! multitudes, and fear ?

CLIFFORD. So cowards fight when they can fly no
further ; 40
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons ;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

YORK. O Clifford ! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time ; 45
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this. 48

CLIFFORD. I will not bandy with thee word for
word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [Draws.
QUEEN MARGARET. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a
thousand causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life. 52
Wrath makes him deaf : speak thou, Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Hold, Clifford ! do not honour
him so much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin, 56
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour. 60

[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.

CLIFFORD. Ay, ay ; so strives the woodcock with
the gin.

NORTHUMBERLAND. So doth the cony struggle in the
net. [YORK is taken prisoner.

YORK. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
booty ;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-matched. 64

NORTHUMBERLAND. What would your Grace have done unto him now ?

QUEEN MARGARET. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms, 68
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What ! was it you that would be England's king ?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent ? 72

Where are your mess of sons to back you now ?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice 76
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?
Look, York : I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point 80
Made issue from the bosom of the boy ;

And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly, 84
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee grieve, to make me merry, York.

What ! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ? 88

Why art thou patient, man ? thou shouldst be mad ;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport : 92

York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.

A crown for York ! and, lords, bow low to him :

Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king ! 96

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair ;

And this is he was his adopted heir.

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ? 100

As I bethink me, you should not be king

Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem, 104
Now in his life, against your holy oath ?

O ! 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable.

Off with the crown ; and, with the crown, his head ;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead. 108

CLIFFORD. That is my office, for my father's sake.

QUEEN MARGARET. Nay, stay ; let's hear the orisons
he makes.

YORK. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex 113

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates !
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging, 116
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush :
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem ;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ? 124
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,

That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ; 128
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small ;

'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
'Tis government that makes them seem divine ; 132
The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion. 136

O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide !
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ? 140
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :
Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will ;
For raging wind blows up incessant showers, 145
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death, 148
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Beshrew me, but his passion
moves me so

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

YORK. That face of his the hungry cannibals 152
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood ;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O ! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears : 156
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this ;

[Giving back the handkerchief.

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, ' Alas ! it was a piteous deed !'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee 165
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads ! 168

NORTHUMBERLAND. Had he been slaughter-man to
all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

QUEEN MARGARET. What ! weeping-ripe, my Lord
Northumberland ? 172
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

CLIFFORD. Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death. [Stabbing him.]

QUEEN MARGARET. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [Stabbing him.]

YORK. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God! 177
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

QUEEN MARGARET. Off with his head, and set it on York gates; [Dies.]

So York may overlook the town of York. 180
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

EDWARD. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd,
Or whether he be 'scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en we should have heard the news; 4
Had he been slain we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad? 8

RICHARD. I cannot joy until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth. 12
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry, 16
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. 20
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;

How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love. 24

EDWARD. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

RICHARD. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect
 sun ;

Not separated with the racking clouds,
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky. 28

See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable :

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures some event. 32

EDWARD. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
 heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field ;

That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

Each one already blazing by our meeds, 36

Should notwithstanding join our lights together,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.

Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear

Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

RICHARD. Nay, bear three daughters : by your leave

I speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue ? 44

MESSENGER. Ah ! one that was a woeful looker-on,

When as the noble Duke of York was slain,

Your princely father, and my loving lord.

EDWARD. O ! speak no more, for I have heard too
 much. 48

RICHARD. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

MESSENGER. Environed he was with many foes,
 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
 Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy. 52

But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;

And many strokes, though with a little axe,

Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

By many hands your father was subdu'd ; 56

But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite ;
Laugh'd in his face ; and when with grief he wept, 60
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :
And after many scorns, many foul taunts, 64
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

EDWARD. Sweet Duke of York ! our prop to lean
upon, 68
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !
O Clifford ! boisterous Clifford ! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him, 72
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah ! would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest, 76
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O ! never, shall I see more joy.

RICHARD. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart : 80
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief : 85
Tears then, for babes ; blows and revenge for me !
Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it. 88

EDWARD. His name that valiant duke hath left with
thee ;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

RICHARD. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun : 92
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and the MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
with Forces.

WARWICK. How now, fair lords ! What fare ? what
news abroad ?

RICHARD. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should
recount 96

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord ! the Duke of York is slain. 100

EDWARD. O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

WARWICK. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in
tears, 104

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp, 108
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends, 112
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along ;
For by my scouts I was advertised 116
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met, 120
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ; 124
Or whether 'twas report of her success ;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth, 128

Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends. 132
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards :
But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day ; 136
So that we fled : the king unto the queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here we heard you were, 140
Making another head to fight again.

EDWARD. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick ?

And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

WARWICK. Some six miles off the duke is with the
soldiers ; 144

And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICHARD. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
fled : 148

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

WARWICK. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
hear ;

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head, 153
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer. 156

RICHARD. I know it well, Lord Warwick ; blame me
not :

'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.

But in this troublous time what 's to be done ?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160

And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our heads ?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ? 164
If for the last, say ' Ay,' and to it, lords.

WARWICK. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
you out ;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen, 168
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession, 172
His oath enrolled in the parliament ;

And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster. 176
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong :
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via ! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry ' Charge upon our foes ! ' 184
But never once again turn back and fly.

RICHARD. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick
speak :

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries ' Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay. 188

EDWARD. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour !—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend !

WARWICK. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of
York : 192

The next degree is England's royal throne ;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along ;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy 196
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

RICHARD. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

EDWARD. Then strike up, drums ! God, and Saint George for us !

204

Enter a Messenger.

WARWICK. How now ! what news ?

MESSANGER. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host ;
And craves your company for speedy counsel. 208

WARWICK. Why then it sorts ; brave warriors, let 's away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drums and trumpets.

QUEEN MARGARET. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown :
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ? 4

KING HENRY. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack :

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow. 8

CLIFFORD. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den. 12
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back. 16

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown ;
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows : 20
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire ;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him, 24
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones, 28
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence ? 32
For shame, my liege ! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child, 36
' What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away ' ?
Ah ! what a shame were this. Look on the boy :
And let his manly face, which promiseth 40
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

KING HENRY. Full well hath Clifford play'd the
orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force. 44
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success ?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ? 48
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;
And would my father had left me no more !
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep 52
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah ! cousin York, would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here !

QUEEN MARGARET. My lord, cheer up your spirits :
our foes are nigh, 56

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son :

Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneel down. 60

KING HENRY. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown, 64

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIFFORD. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. Royal commanders, be in readiness :
For with a band of thirty thousand men 68

Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York ;

And in the towns, as they do march along,

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him :

Darraign your battle, for they are at hand. 72

CLIFFORD. I would your highness would depart the
field :

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

QUEEN MARGARET. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to
our fortune.

KING HENRY. Why, that 's my fortune too ; there-
fore I'll stay. 76

NORTHUMBERLAND. Be it with resolution then to
fight.

PRINCE. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence :

Unsheathe your sword, good father : cry, ' Saint
George ! ' 80

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NOR-
FOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

EDWARD. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for
grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

QUEEN MARGARET. Go, rate thy minions, proud in-
sulting boy ! 84

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms

Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king ?

EDWARD. I am his king, and he should bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent : 88

Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,

You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,

To blot out me, and put his own son in. 92

CLIFFORD. And reason too :

Who should succeed the father but the son ?

RICHARD. Are you there, butcher ? O ! I cannot
speak.

CLIFFORD. Ay, crook-back ; here I stand to answer
thee, 96

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

RICHARD. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was
it not ?

CLIFFORD. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

RICHARD. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the
fight. 100

WARWICK. What sayst thou, Henry, wilt thou yield
the crown ?

QUEEN MARGARET. Why, how now, long-tongu'd
Warwick ! dare you speak ?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,

Your legs did better service than your hands. 104

WARWICK. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis
thine.

CLIFFORD. You said so much before, and yet you
fled.

WARWICK. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove
me thence.

NORTHUMBERLAND. No, nor your manhood that
durst make you stay. 108

RICHARD. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley ; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer. 112

CLIFFORD. I slew thy father : call'st thou him a
child ?

RICHARD. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland ;
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed. 116

KING HENRY. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

QUEEN MARGARET. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

KING HENRY. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue :
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. 120

CLIFFORD. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cur'd by words ; therefore be still.

RICHARD. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd 124
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDWARD. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no ?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown. 128

WARWICK. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head ;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

PRINCE. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right. 132

RICHARD. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;

For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

QUEEN MARGARET. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic, 136
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICHARD. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,— 140
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?

EDWARD. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns, 144

To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd 148
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop ;
And had he match'd according to his state, 152
He might have kept that glory to this day ;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him, 156
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride ?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept, 160
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

GEORGE. But when we saw our sunshine made thy
spring.

And that thy summer bred us no increase, 164
We set the axe to thy usurping root ;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down, 168
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

EDWARD. And in this resolution I defy thee ;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak. 172
Sound trumpets !—let our bloody colours wave !
And either victory, or else a grave.

QUEEN MARGARET. Stay, Edward.

EDWARD. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay :
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. 177
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in
Yorkshire.

Alarums : Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

WARWICK. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe ;

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength, 4
And spite of spite needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

EDWARD. Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle death !

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

WARWICK. How now, my lord ! what hap ? what hope of good ? 8

Enter GEORGE.

GEORGE. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.

What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

EDWARD. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ; 12

And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

RICHARD. Ah ! Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance ; 16

And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far.

' Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death ! '

So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20

That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

WARWICK. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood :

I'll kill my horse because I will not fly. 24

Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,

Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;

And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors ? 28

Here on my knee I vow to God above,

I'll never pause again, never stand still

Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Or fortune given me measure of revenge. 32

EDWARD. O Warwick ! I do bend my knee with
thine ;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee, 36
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul !
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

RICHARD. Brother, give me thy hand ; and, gentle
Warwick, 44
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

WARWICK. Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords,
farewell. 48

GEORGE. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us ;
And, if we thrive promise them such rewards 52
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts ;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow no longer ; make we hence amain. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

RICHARD. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall. 4

CLIFFORD. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death 8
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,

To execute the like upon thyself ;
And so, have at thee !

[They fight. WARWICK enters ; CLIFFORD flies.

RICHARD. Nay, Warwick, single out some other
chase ;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

KING HENRY. This battle fares like to the morning's
war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night. 4

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind : 8

Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered : 12
So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too, 16

Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ? 20

O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point, 24

Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ; 28
How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ; 32
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean ; 36
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40
Ah ! what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy 44
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes ! it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle, 48
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup, 52
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, with the dead body.

SON. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight, 56
May be possessed with some store of crowns ;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60
Who's this ? O God ! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events !
From London by the king was I press'd forth ; 64
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him. 68
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill. 72

KING HENRY. O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ; 76
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father that has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

FATHER. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, 80
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.
But let me see : is this our foeman's face ?
Ah ! no, no, no, it is mine only son.
Ah ! boy, if any life be left in thee, 84
Throw up thine eye : see, see ! what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O ! pity, God, this miserable age. 88
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
O boy ! thy father gave thee life too soon, 92
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

KING HENRY. Woe above woe ! grief more than
common grief !
O ! that my death would stay these ruthful deeds.
O ! pity, pity ; gentle heaven, pity. 96
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses :
The one his purple blood right well resembles ;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth : 100
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
SON. How will my mother for a father's death

Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied ! 104

FATHER. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied !

KING HENRY. How will the country for these woeful
chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied ! 108

SON. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death ?

FATHER. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son ?

KING HENRY. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects'
woe ?

Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much. 112

SON. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit with the body.

FATHER. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-
sheet ;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go : 116

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;

And so obsequious will thy father be,

E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120

I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit with the body.

KING HENRY. Sad-hearted men, much overgone
with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are. 124

Alarum. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE
OF WALES, and EXETER.

PRINCE. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.

Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

QUEEN MARGARET. Mount you, my lord ; towards
Berwick post amain. 128

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands, 132

Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

EXETER. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate ; make speed,
Or else come after : I'll away before. 136

KING HENRY. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
Exeter :

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward ! away ! [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

CLIFFORD. Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it
dies,

Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.

O Lancaster ! I fear thy overthrow

More than my body's parting with my soul. 4

My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee ;

And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York :

The common people swarm like summer flies ; 8

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?

And who shines now but Henry's enemies ?

O Phœbus ! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds, 12

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth ;

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,

Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York, 16

They never then had sprung like summer flies ;

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm

Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace. 20

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?

And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?

Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight ; 24

The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;

For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint. 28
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest ;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[He faints.

Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,
MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

EDWARD. Now breathe we, lords : good fortune bids
us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks. 32
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves. 36
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?
WARWICK. No, 'tis impossible he should escape ;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave ; 40
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD groans and dies.

EDWARD. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy
leave ?
RICHARD. A deadly groan, like life and death's
departing.
EDWARD. See who it is : and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd. 45
RICHARD. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis
Clifford ;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth, 48
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

WARWICK. From off the gates of York fetch down
the head, 52
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there ;
Instead whereof let this supply the room :
Measure for measure must be answered.

EDWARD. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our
house, 56

That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.]

WARWICK. I think his understanding is bereft. 60
Speak, Clifford ; dost thou know who speaks to thee ?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

RICHARD. O ! would he did ; and so perhaps he
doth : 64

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

GEORGE. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager
words. 68

RICHARD. Clifford ! ask mercy and obtain no grace.

EDWARD. Clifford ! repent in bootless penitence.

WARWICK. Clifford ! devise excuses for thy faults.

GEORGE. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

RICHARD. Thou didst love York, and I am son to
York. 73

EDWARD. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

GEORGE. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you
now ?

WARWICK. They mock thee, Clifford : swear as thou
wast wont. 76

RICHARD. What ! not an oath ? nay, then the
world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead ; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life, 80

That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy. 84

WARWICK. Ay, but he's dead : off with the traitor's
head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king : 88

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again ; 93
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation ; 96
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDWARD. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let
it be ;

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester ;
And George, of Clarence ; Warwick, as ourself, 104
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

RICHARD. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of
Gloucester,
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

WARWICK. Tut ! that's a foolish observation : 108
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chase in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

FIRST KEEPER. Under this thick-grown brake we'll
shroud ourselves ;
For through this laund anon the deer will come ;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer. 4

SECOND KEEPER. I'll stay above the hill, so both
may shoot.

FIRST KEEPER. That cannot be ; the noise of thy
cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best : 8
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

SECOND KEEPER. Here comes a man ; let's stay
till he be past. 12

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

KING HENRY. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of
pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee, 16
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed :
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee ; 20
For how can I help them, and not myself ?

FIRST KEEPER. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a
keeper's fee :
This is the quondam king ; let's seize upon him.

KING HENRY. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course. 25

SECOND KEEPER. Why linger we ? let us lay hands
upon him.

FIRST KEEPER. Forbear awhile ; we'll hear a little
more.

KING HENRY. My queen and son are gone to France
for aid ; 28

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost ; 32
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much : 36
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;

The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn ;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40
To hear and see her complaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg ; Warwick, to give :
She on his left side craving aid for Henry ;
He on his right asking a wife for Edward. 44
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd ;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd ;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more :
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong, 48
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place. 52
O Margaret ! thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

SECOND KEEPER. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of
kings and queens ?

KING HENRY. More than I seem, and less than I was
born to : 56

A man at least, for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

SECOND KEEPER. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert
a king.

KING HENRY. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that's
enough. 60

SECOND KEEPER. But, if thou be a king, where is
thy crown ?

KING HENRY. My crown is in my heart, not on my
head ;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd content ; 64
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SECOND KEEPER. Well, if you be a king crown'd
with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us ; for, as we think, 68
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd ;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

KING HENRY. But did you never swear, and break
an oath ? 72

SECOND KEEPER. No, never such an oath ; nor will
not now.

KING HENRY. Where did you dwell when I was King
of England ?

SECOND KEEPER. Here in this country, where we
now remain.

KING HENRY. I was anointed king at nine months
old ; 76

My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths ?

FIRST KEEPER. No ; 80
For we were subjects but while you were king.

KING HENRY. Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe
a man ?

Ah ! simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face, 84

And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust ; 88

Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths ; for of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ; 92

And be you kings : command, and I'll obey.
FIRST KEEPER. We are true subjects to the king,

King Edward.

KING HENRY. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is. 96

FIRST KEEPER. We charge you, in God's name, and
in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

KING HENRY. In God's name, lead ; your king's
name be obey'd :

And what God will, that let your king perform ; 100
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

KING EDWARD. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,

His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror :

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands ; 4

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

GLOUCESTER. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit ; 8

It were dishonour to deny it her.

KING EDWARD. It were no less : but yet I'll make a pause.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Yea ; is it so ?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant 12

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

CLARENCE. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] He knows the game : how true he keeps the wind !

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Silence !

KING EDWARD. Widow, we will consider of your suit, And come some other time to know our mind. 17

LADY GREY. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :

May it please your highness to resolve me now, And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

CLARENCE. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. 24

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] God forbid that ! for he'll take vantages.

KING EDWARD. How many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

CLARENCE. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] I think he means to beg a child of her.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Nay, whip me, then ;
he'll rather give her two. 28

LADY GREY. Three, my most gracious lord.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] You shall have four,
if you'll be rul'd by him.

KING EDWARD. 'Twere pity they should lose their
father's lands.

LADY GREY. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it
then. 32

KING EDWARD. Lords, give us leave : I'll try this
widow's wit.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] Ay, good leave have
you ; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[Retiring with CLARENCE.]

KING EDWARD. Now, tell me, madam, do you love
your children ? 36

LADY GREY. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

KING EDWARD. And would you not do much to do
them good ?

LADY GREY. To do them good I would sustain some
harm.

KING EDWARD. Then get your husband's lands, to
do them good. 40

LADY GREY. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

KING EDWARD. I'll tell you how these lands are to
be got.

LADY GREY. So shall you bind me to your highness'
service.

KING EDWARD. What service wilt thou do me, if I
give them ? 44

LADY GREY. What you command, that rests in me
to do.

KING EDWARD. But you will take exceptions to my
boon.

LADY GREY. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

KING EDWARD. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean
to ask. 48

LADY GREY. Why, then I will do what your Grace
commands.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] He plies her hard ;
and much rain wears the marble.

CLARENCE. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] As red as fire ! nay,
then her wax must melt.

LADY GREY. Why stops my lord ? shall I not hear
my task ? 52

KING EDWARD. An easy task : 'tis but to love a king.

LADY GREY. That 's soon perform'd, because I am
a subject.

KING EDWARD. Why then, thy husband's lands I
freely give thee.

LADY GREY. I take my leave with many thousand
thanks. 56

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] The match is made ;
she seals it with a curtsy.

KING EDWARD. But stay thee ; 'tis the fruits of love
I mean.

LADY GREY. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

KING EDWARD. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get ? 61

LADY GREY. My love till death, my humble thanks,
my prayers :

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

KING EDWARD. No, by my troth, I did not mean
such love. 64

LADY GREY. Why, then you mean not as I thought
you did.

KING EDWARD. But now you partly may perceive
my mind.

LADY GREY. My mind will never grant what I
perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright. 68

KING EDWARD. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with
thee.

LADY GREY. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in
prison.

KING EDWARD. Why, then thou shalt not have thy
husband's lands.

LADY GREY. Why, then mine honesty shall be my
dower ; 72

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

KING EDWARD. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

LADY GREY. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination 76

Accords not with the sadness of my suit :

Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no'.

KING EDWARD. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request ;

No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand. 80

LADY GREY. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

CLARENCE. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

KING EDWARD. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty ; 84

Her words do show her wit incomparable ;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty :

One way or other, she is for a king ;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen. 88

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen ?

LADY GREY. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord :

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign. 92

KING EDWARD. Sweet widow, by my state I swear, to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends ;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

LADY GREY. And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know I am too mean to be your queen, 97

And yet too good to be your concubine.

KING EDWARD. You cavil, widow : I did mean, my queen.

LADY GREY. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you father. 100

KING EDWARD. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing 104
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CLARENCE.] The ghostly father
now hath done his shrift.

CLARENCE. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] When he was made
a shriver, 'twas for shift. 108

KING EDWARD. Brothers, you muse what chat we
two have had.

GLOUCESTER. The widow likes it not, for she looks
very sad.

KING EDWARD. You'd think it strange if I should
marry her.

CLARENCE. To whom, my lord ?

KING EDWARD. Why, Clarence, to myself.

GLOUCESTER. That would be ten days' wonder at the
least. 113

CLARENCE. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

GLOUCESTER. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

KING EDWARD. Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell
you both 116

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

NOBLEMAN. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is
taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.

KING EDWARD. See that he be convey'd unto the
Tower : 120

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER. Ay, Edward will use women honour-
ably. 124

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !

And yet, between my soul's desire and me— 128
The lustful Edward's title buried,—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself : 132
A cold premeditation for my purpose !
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty ;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread, 136
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way :
So do I wish the crown, being so far off, 140
And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much, 144
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard ;
What other pleasure can the world afford ?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap, 148
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought ! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns. 152
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ; 156
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
To disproportion me in every part, 160
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
O monstrous fault ! to harbour such a thought. 164
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown ; 168
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown, 172
 For many lives stand between me and home :
 And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rents the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way and straying from the way ; 176
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,
 Torment myself to catch the English crown :
 And from that torment I will free myself, 180
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
 And cry, ' Content,' to that which grieves my heart,
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears, 184
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor, 188
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
 I can add colours to the chameleon,
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages, 192
 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
 Tut ! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister LADY BONA,
 attended : his Admiral called BOURBON ; the King takes
 his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD,
 and the EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.

KING LEWIS. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us : it ill befits thy state
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

QUEEN MARGARET. No, mighty King of France :
 now Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days ;
But now mischance hath trod my title down, 8
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

KING LEWIS. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs
this deep despair ? 12

QUEEN MARGARET. From such a cause as fills mine
eyes with tears

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

KING LEWIS. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side. [Seats her by him.] Yield not
thy neck 16

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief ;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. 20

QUEEN MARGARET. Those gracious words revive my
drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love, 24
Is of a king become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn ;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title and the seat 28

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ; 32
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight, 36
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

KING LEWIS. Renowned queen, with patience calm
the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

QUEEN MARGARET. The more we stay, the stronger
grows our foe. 40

KING LEWIS. The more I stay, the more I'll succour
thee.

QUEEN MARGARET. O! but impatience waiteth on
true sorrow :

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

KING LEWIS. What 's he approacheth boldly to our
presence ? 44

QUEEN MARGARET. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's
greatest friend.

KING LEWIS. Welcome, brave Warwick! What
brings thee to France ?

[Descending from his state. QUEEN MARGARET rises.

QUEEN MARGARET. Ay, now begins a second storm
to rise ;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide. 48

WARWICK. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,

First, to do greetings to thy royal person ; 52

And then to crave a league of amity ;

And lastly to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant

That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister, 56

To England's king in lawful marriage.

QUEEN MARGARET. If that go forward, Henry's hope
is done.

WARWICK. [To BONA.] And, gracious madam, in our
king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;

Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue. 64

QUEEN MARGARET. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear
me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand

Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity ; 68
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still ; but were he dead, 72
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour ;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile, 76
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WARWICK. Injurious Margaret !

PRINCE. And why not queen ?

WARWICK. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen. 80

OXFORD. Then Warwick disannuls great John of
Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ; 84
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France :
From these our Henry lineally descends.

WARWICK. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse, 88

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten ?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree 92
Of threescore and two years ; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

OXFORD. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against
thy liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years, 96
And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

WARWICK. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?
For shame ! leave Henry, and call Edward king. 100

OXFORD. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,

Was done to death ? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years, 104
When nature brought him to the door of death ?
No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WARWICK. And I the house of York. 108

KING LEWIS. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Oxford,

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

[They stand aloof.

QUEEN MARGARET. Heaven grant that Warwick's
words bewitch him not ! 112

KING LEWIS. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
conscience,

Is Edward your true king ? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WARWICK. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine
honour. 116

KING LEWIS. But is he gracious in the people's eye ?

WARWICK. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

KING LEWIS. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120
Unto our sister Bona.

WARWICK. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant, 124
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain. 128

KING LEWIS. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolve.

BONA. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine :
[To WARWICK.] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted, 132
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

KING LEWIS. Then, Warwick, thus : our sister shall
be Edward's ;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make, 136
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

PRINCE. To Edward, but not to the English king.

QUEEN MARGARET. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy
device 141

By this alliance to make void my suit :
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

KING LEWIS. And still is friend to him and Margaret :
But if your title to the crown be weak, 145
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised. 148

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

WARWICK. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose. 152
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

QUEEN MARGARET. Peace! impudent and shameless
Warwick, peace; 156

Proud setter up and puller down of kings ;
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love ; 160
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[A horn winded within.

KING LEWIS. Warwick, this is some post to us or
thee.

Enter a Post.

MESSENGER. My lord ambassador, these letters are
for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague : 164
These from our king unto your majesty ;

[To MARGARET.] And, madam, these for you ; from whom
I know not. [They all read their letters.

OXFORD. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his. 168

PRINCE. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled :

I hope all's for the best.

KING LEWIS. Warwick, what are thy news ? and yours, fair queen ?

QUEEN MARGARET. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys. 172

WARWICK. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

KING LEWIS. What ! has your king married the Lady Grey ?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ? 176

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France ?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

QUEEN MARGARET. I told your majesty as much before :

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

WARWICK. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven, 181

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's ;

No more my king, for he dishonours me ; 184
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death ?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece ? 188

Did I impale him with the regal crown ?

Did I put Henry from his native right ?

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame ?

Shame on himself ! for my desert is honour : 192

And, to repair my honour, lost for him,

I here renounce him and return to Henry.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor. 196

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

QUEEN MARGARET. Warwick, these words have
turn'd my hate to love ;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200
And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

WARWICK. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers, 204
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him :
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me, 208
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen ? 213

QUEEN MARGARET. Renowned prince, how shall poor
Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

BONA. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

WARWICK. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with
yours. 217

KING LEWIS. And mine with hers, and thine and
Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd

You shall have aid. 220

QUEEN MARGARET. Let me give humble thanks for
all at once.

KING LEWIS. Then, England's messenger, return in
post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers. 224
To revel it with him and his new bride.

Thou seest what's past ; go fear thy king withal.

BONA. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. 228

QUEEN MARGARET. Tell him, my mourning weeds are
laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

WARWICK. Tell him from me that he hath done me
wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long. 232
There 's thy reward : be gone. [Exit Messenger.

KING LEWIS. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle ;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen 236
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt :
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

WARWICK. This shall assure my constant loyalty :
That if our queen and this young prince agree, 241
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

QUEEN MARGARET. Yes, I agree, and thank you for
your motion. 244

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine. 248

PRINCE. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to WARWICK.

KING LEWIS. Why stay we now ? These soldiers
shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral, 252
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt all except WARWICK.

WARWICK. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe : 257
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me ? 260
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery, 264
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and Others.

GLOUCESTER. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

CLARENCE. Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to France; 4
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

SOMERSET. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

GLOUCESTER. And his well-chosen bride. 7

CLARENCE. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and Others.

KING EDWARD. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

CLARENCE. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment 12
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

KING EDWARD. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will. 16

GLOUCESTER. And you shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

KING EDWARD. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

GLOUCESTER. Not I: 20
No, God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

KING EDWARD. Setting your scorns and your mis-
like aside, 24

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen :
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think. 28

CLARENCE. Then this is mine opinion : that King
Lewis

Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

GLOUCESTER. And Warwick, doing what you gave in
charge, 32

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

KING EDWARD. What if both Lewis and Warwick
be pleas'd

By such invention as I can devise ?

MONTAGUE. Yet to have join'd with France in such
alliance 36

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

HASTINGS. Why, knows not Montague, that of
itself

England is safe, if true within itself ? 40

MONTAGUE. Yes ; but the safer when 'tis back'd
with France.

HASTINGS. 'Tis better using France than trusting
France :

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable, 44
And with their helps only defend ourselves :
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

CLARENCE. For this one speech Lord Hastings well
deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford. 48

KING EDWARD. Ay, what of that ? it was my will
and grant ;

And for this once my will shall stand for law.

GLOUCESTER. And yet methinks your Grace hath
not done well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales 52
Unto the brother of your loving bride :
She better would have fitted me or Clarence :
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

CLARENCE. Or else you would not have bestow'd
the heir 56

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

KING EDWARD. Alas, poor Clarence, is it for a
wife

That thou art malcontent ? I will provide thee. 60

CLARENCE. In choosing for yourself you show'd
your judgment,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker on mine own behalf ;

And to that end I shortly mind to leave you. 64

KING EDWARD. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be
king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. My lords, before it pleas'd his
majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen, 68

Do me but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent ;

And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine, 72

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

KING EDWARD. My love, forbear to fawn upon their
frowns :

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee, 76

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands ; 80

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but
think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

KING EDWARD. Now, messenger, what letters or
what news 84
From France ?

MESSANGER. My sovereign liege, no letters ; and
few words ;
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate. 88

KING EDWARD. Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in
brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters ?

MESSANGER. At my depart these were his very
words : 92
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

KING EDWARD. Is Lewis so brave ? belike he thinks
me Henry. 96
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage ?

MESSANGER. These were her words, utter'd with
mild disdain :
'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.' 100

KING EDWARD. I blame not her, she could say little
less ;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

MESSANGER. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning
weeds are done, 104
And I am ready to put armour on.'

KING EDWARD. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

MESSANGER. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words : 109
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

KING EDWARD. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out
so proud words ? 112

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd :
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

MESSANGER. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they are so
link'd in friendship, 116

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

CLARENCE. Belike the elder ; Clarence will have the
younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ; 120
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside.] Not I. 124

My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

KING EDWARD. Clarence and Somerset both gone to
Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen, 128
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war :
They are already, or quickly will be landed : 132
Myself in person will straight follow you,

[Excunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance : 136
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me ?
If it be so, then both depart to him ;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends :
But if you mind to hold your true obedience, 140
Give me assurance with some friendly vow
That I may never have you in suspect.

MONTAGUE. So God help Montague as he proves true !

HASTINGS. And Hastings as he favours Edward's
cause ! 144

KING EDWARD. Now, brother Richard, will you
stand by us ?

GLOUCESTER. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

KING EDWARD. Why, so ! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour 148
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

WARWICK. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;

The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come !
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ? 4

CLARENCE. Fear not that, my lord.

WARWICK. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;

And welcome, Somerset : I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart 8
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :
But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be
thine. 12

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard, 16
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomed,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, 20
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself ; I say not, slaughter him, 24
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You, that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[They all cry 'Henry!']

Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort. 28

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—EDWARD's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen to guard the KING's tent.

FIRST WATCHMAN. Come on, my masters, each man
take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

SECOND WATCHMAN. What, will he not to bed?

FIRST WATCHMAN. Why, no: for he hath made a
solemn vow 4

Never to lie and take his natural rest

Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

SECOND WATCHMAN. To-morrow then belike shall be
the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report. 8

THIRD WATCHMAN. But say, I pray, what nobleman
is that

That with the king here resteth in his tent?

FIRST WATCHMAN. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's
chiefest friend.

THIRD WATCHMAN. O! is it so? But why commands
the king 12

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

SECOND WATCHMAN. 'Tis the more honour, because
the more dangerous.

THIRD WATCHMAN. Ay, but give me worship and
quietness; 16

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

FIRST WATCHMAN. Unless our halberds did shut up
his passage. 20

SECOND WATCHMAN. Ay; wherefore else guard we his
royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

WARWICK. This is his tent ; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters ! honour now or never !
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 24

FIRST WATCHMAN. Who goes there ?

SECOND WATCHMAN. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK and the rest cry all, ' Warwick ! Warwick ! ' and set upon the Guard ; who fly, crying ' Arm ! Arm ! ' WARWICK and the rest following them.

Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair. GLOUCESTER and HASTINGS fly over the stage.

SOMERSET. What are they that fly there ?

WARWICK. Richard and Hastings : let them go ;
here's the duke. 28

KING EDWARD. The duke ! Why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king !

WARWICK. Ay, but the case is alter'd :
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king, 32
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas ! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife, 36
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

KING EDWARD. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too ? 40

Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king : 44
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

WARWICK. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king :
[Takes off his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown, 48
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York. 52

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him :

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York. 56

KING EDWARD. What fates impose, that men must
needs abide ;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit, led out ; SOMERSET with him.

OXFORD. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers ? 60

WARWICK. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have
to do ;

To free King Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

RIVERS. Madam, what makes you in this sudden
change ?

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Why, brother Rivers, are you
yet to learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward ?

RIVERS. What ! loss of some pitch'd battle against
Warwick ? 4

QUEEN ELIZABETH. No, but the loss of his own royal
person.

RIVERS. Then is my sovereign slain ?

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken
prisoner ;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard 8

Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares :

And, as I further have to understand,

Is new committed to the Bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe. 12

RIVERS. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may :
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Till then fair hope must hinder
life's decay. 16

And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ; 20
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown 23
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

RIVERS. But, madam, where is Warwick then become ?

QUEEN ELIZABETH. I am inform'd that he comes
towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head :
Guess thou the rest ; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,— 29
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right : 32
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore ; let us fly while we may fly :
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, and
Others.

GLOUCESTER. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir
William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands 5
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself. 8
I have advertis'd him by secret means,

That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men 12
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman.

HUNTSMAN. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

KING EDWARD. Nay, this way, man : see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer ? 17

GLOUCESTER. Brother, the time and case requireth haste.

Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

KING EDWARD. But whither shall we then ? 20

HASTINGS. To Lynn, my lord ; and ship from thence to Flanders.

GLOUCESTER. Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my meaning.

KING EDWARD. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

GLOUCESTER. But wherefore stay we ? 'tis no time to talk. 24

KING EDWARD. Huntsman, what sayst thou ? wilt thou go along ?

HUNTSMAN. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

GLOUCESTER. Come then, away ; let's ha' no more ado.

KING EDWARD. Bishop, farewell : shield thee from Warwick's frown, 28

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

KING HENRY. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys, 4
At our enlargement what are thy due fees ?

LIEUTENANT. Subjects may challenge nothing of
their sovereigns ;

But if a humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty. 8

KING HENRY. For what, lieutenant ? for well using
me ?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure ;
Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds 12
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free, 16
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee ;
He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer Fortune's spite
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me, 20
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee, 24
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WARWICK. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for
virtuous ;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice ; 28
For few men rightly temper with the stars :
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

CLARENCE. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the
sway, 32

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war ;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent. 36

WARWICK. And I choose Clarence only for pro-
tector.

KING HENRY. Warwick and Clarence, give me both
your hands :

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government : 40

I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise. 44

WARWICK. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's
will ?

CLARENCE. That he consents, if Warwick yield
consent ;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WARWICK. Why then, though loath, yet must I be
content : 48

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place ;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease. 52
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

CLARENCE. What else ? and that succession be
determin'd. 56

WARWICK. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his
part.

KING HENRY. But, with the first of all your chief
affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward, 60
Be sent for, to return from France with speed :
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

CLARENCE. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all
speed. 64

KING HENRY. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is
that
Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

SOMERSET. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of
Richmond.

KING HENRY. Come hither, England's hope : [Lays
his hand on his head.] If secret powers 68
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown, 72
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me. 76

Enter a Post.

WARWICK. What news, my friend ?

MESSENGER. That Edward is escaped from your
brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

WARWICK. Unsavoury news ! but how made he
escape ? 80

MESSENGER. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of
Gloucester,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him : 84
For hunting was his daily exercise.

WARWICK. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide. 88

[Exeunt KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
Lieutenant, and Attendant.]

SOMERSET. My lord, I like not of this flight of
Edward's ;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy 92
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him to his harm and ours :
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst, 96
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXFORD. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down. 100
SOMERSET. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Before York.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

KING EDWARD. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown. 4
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy :
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York, 8
But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

GLOUCESTER. The gates made fast ! Brother, I like
not this ;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within. 12

KING EDWARD. Tush, man ! abodements must not
now affright us.
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

HASTINGS. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon
them. 16

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

MAYOR. My lords, we were forewarned of your
coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

KING EDWARD. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your
king, 20
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

MAYOR. True, my good lord, I know you for no less.

KING EDWARD. Why, and I challenge nothing but
my dukedom,

As being well content with that alone. 24

GLOUCESTER. [Aside.] But when the fox hath once
got in his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

HASTINGS. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in
a doubt ?

Open the gates ; we are King Henry's friends. 28

MAYOR. Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then be
open'd. [Exit, with Aldermen, above.

GLOUCESTER. A wise stout captain, and soon per-
suaded.

HASTINGS. The good old man would fain that all
were well.

So 'twere not 'long of him ; but being enter'd, 32

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.

KING EDWARD. So, Master Mayor : these gates must
not be shut

But in the night, or in the time of war. 36

What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;

[Takes his keys.

For Edward will defend the town and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces.

GLOUCESTER. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. 41

KING EDWARD. Welcome, Sir John ! but why come
you in arms ?

MONTGOMERY. To help King Edward in his time of
storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do. 44

KING EDWARD. Thanks, good Montgomery ; but we
now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim

Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

MONTGOMERY. Then fare you well, for I will hence
again : 48

I came to serve a king and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[A march begun.

KING EDWARD. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and
we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd. 52

MONTGOMERY. What talk you of debating? in few
words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone

To keep them back that come to succour you. 56

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

GLOUCESTER. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on
nice points?

KING EDWARD. When we grow stronger then we'll
make our claim;

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. 60

HASTINGS. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms
must rule.

GLOUCESTER. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends. 64

KING EDWARD. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my
right,

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

MONTGOMERY. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like
himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion. 68

HASTINGS. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here
proclaim'd;

Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation.

[Gives him a paper, Flourish.

SOLDIER. 'Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.'

MONTGOMERY. And whosoe'er gainsays King Ed-
ward's right, 73

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his gauntlet.

ALL. Long live Edward the Fourth!

KING EDWARD. Thanks, brave Montgomery ;—and
 thanks unto you all : 76
 If Fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
 Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York ;
 And when the morning sun shall raise his car
 Above the border of this horizon, 80
 We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates ;
 For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
 Ah, froward Clarence, how evil it beseems thee
 To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother ! 84
 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
 Come on, brave soldiers : doubt not of the day ;
 And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace,
 Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTA-
 GUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

WARWICK. What counsel, lords ? Edward from
 Belgia,
 With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
 And with his troops doth march amain to London ; 4
 And many giddy people flock to him.
 OXFORD. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
 CLARENCE. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
 Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench. 8
 WARWICK. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted
 friends,
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;
 Those will I muster up : and thou, son Clarence,
 Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, 12
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee :
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
 Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st : 16
 And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd
 In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
 Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20

Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign. 24

KING HENRY. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
true hope.

CLARENCE. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'
hand.

KING HENRY. Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-
tunate !

MONTAGUE. Comfort, my lord ; and so I take my
leave. 28

OXFORD. [Kissing HENRY'S hand.] And thus I seal my
truth, and bid adieu.

KING HENRY. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mon-
tague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell. 31

WARWICK. Farewell, sweet lords : let's meet at
Coventry. [Exeunt all but KING HENRY and EXETER.]

KING HENRY. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine. 36

EXETER. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

KING HENRY. That's not my fear ; my meed hath
got me fame :

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ; 40
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears ;
I have not been desirous of their wealth ; 44
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love Edward more than me ?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace : 48
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within, 'A Lancaster ! A Lancaster !']

EXETER. Hark, hark, my lord ! what shouts are these ?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

KING EDWARD. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry !
bear him hence : 52

And once again proclaim us King of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow :
Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb. 56
Hence with him to the Tower ! let him not speak.

[Exit some with KING HENRY.]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains :
The sun shines hot ; and, if we use delay, 60
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

GLOUCESTER. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares :
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. 64
[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two
Messengers, and Others.

WARWICK. Where is the post that came from valiant
Oxford ?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow ?

FIRST MESSENGER. By this at Dunsmore, marching
hitherward.

WARWICK. How far off is our brother Montague ? 4
Where is the post that came from Montague ?

SECOND MESSENGER. By this at Daintry, with a
puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

WARWICK. Say, Somerville, what says my loving
son ?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now ? 8

SOMERVILLE. At Southam I did leave him with his
forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

WARWICK. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum. [Drum heard.]

SOMERVILLE. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies: 12

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

WARWICK. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd for friends.

SOMERVILLE. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. •

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Forces.

KING EDWARD. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle. 16

GLOUCESTER. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

WARWICK. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

KING EDWARD. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?

And he shall pardon thee these outrages. 24

WARWICK. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,—

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent;

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York. 28

GLOUCESTER. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

WARWICK. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

GLOUCESTER. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give: 32

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WARWICK. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

KING EDWARD. Why then 'tis mine, if but by
Warwick's gift.

WARWICK. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight :
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again ; 37
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

KING EDWARD. But Warwick's king is Edward's
prisoner ;

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this, 40
What is the body, when the head is off ?

GLOUCESTER. Alas ! that Warwick had no more fore-
cast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck. 44

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

KING EDWARD. 'Tis even so : yet you are Warwick
still.

GLOUCESTER. Come, Warwick, take the time ; kneel
down, kneel down : 48

Nay, when ? strike now, or else the iron cools.

WARWICK. I had rather chop this hand off at a
blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee. 52

KING EDWARD. Sail how thou canst, have wind and
tide thy friend ;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood : 56
' Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, with Soldiers, drum, and colours.

WARWICK. O cheerful colours ! see where Oxford
comes !

OXFORD. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster ! 59

[He and his Forces enter the city.

GLOUCESTER. The gates are open, let us enter too.

KING EDWARD. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array ; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle :

If not, the city being but of small defence, 64
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

WARWICK. O! welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Soldiers, drum, and colours.

MONTAGUE. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city.

GLOUCESTER. Thou and thy brother both shall buy
this treason 68

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear,

KING EDWARD. The harder match'd, the greater
victory:

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Soldiers, drum, and colours.

SOMERSET. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster! 72

[He and his Forces enter the city.

GLOUCESTER. Two of thy name, both Dukes of
Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Forces, drum, and colours.

WARWICK. And lo! where George of Clarence
sweeps along, 76

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More than the nature of a brother's love.

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call. 80

CLARENCE. Father of Warwick, know you what this
means?

[Taking the red rose out of his hat.

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together, 84

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother and his lawful king? 88

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made 92
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe ;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad— 96
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends ; 100
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

KING EDWARD. Now welcome more, and ten times
more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate. 104

GLOUCESTER. Welcome, good Clarence ; this is
brother-like.

WARWICK. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust !

KING EDWARD. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the
town, and fight ?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears ? 108

WARWICK. Alas ! I am not coop'd here for defence :

I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

KING EDWARD. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
leads the way. 112

Lords, to the field ; Saint George and victory !

[March. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing in
WARWICK, wounded.

KING EDWARD. So, lie thou there : die thou, and
die our fear ;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.

Now Montague, sit fast ; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

WARWICK. Ah ! who is nigh ? come to me, friend
or foe, 5

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick ?
Why ask I that ? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows, 8
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle, 12
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun, 17
To search the secret treasons of the world :
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres ; 20
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?
Lo ! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood ;
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, 24
Even now forsake me ; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must. 28

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

SOMERSET. Ah ! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as
we are,

We might recover all our loss again.

The queen from France hath brought a puissant power ;
Even now we heard the news. Ah ! couldst thou fly. 32

WARWICK. Why, then, I would not fly. Ah ! Montague,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not ; for, brother, if thou didst, 36
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOMERSET. Ah ! Warwick, Montague hath breath'd
his last ; 40

And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said, 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault, 44
That mought not be distinguish'd: but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
'O! farewell, Warwick!'

WARWICK. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save
yourselves; 48
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[Dies.
OXFORD. Away, away, to meet the queen's great
power. [Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK's body.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, in triumph: with CLARENCE,
GLOUCESTER, and the rest.

KING EDWARD. Thus far our fortune keeps an up-
ward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud, 4
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast, 8
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLARENCE. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up, 12
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

GLOUCESTER. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand
strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd 16
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

KING EDWARD. We are advertis'd by our loving
friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.

We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way ;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum ! cry ' Courage ! ' and away. 24

[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET,
OXFORD, and Soldiers.

QUEEN MARGARET. Great lords, wise men 'ne'er sit
and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost, 4
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
Yet lives our pilot still : is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea, 8
And give more strength to that which hath too much ;
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?
Ah ! what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this. 12
Say, Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?
And Montague our top-mast ; what of him ?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; what of these ?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ? 16
And Somerset, another goodly mast ?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ? 20
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair. 24
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea ?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit ?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock ?
All those the enemies to our poor bark. 28
Say you can swim ; alas ! 'tis but a while :

Tread on the sand ; why, there you quickly sink :
Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish ; that 's a threefold death. 32
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided 37
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

PRINCE. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 40
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here ;
For did I but suspect a fearful man, 44
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid ! 48
Let him depart before we need his help.

OXFORD. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
O brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather 52
Doth live again in thee : long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories !

SOMERSET. And he that will not fight for such a
hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day, 56
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

QUEEN MARGARET. Thanks, gentle Somerset : sweet
Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing
else.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
hand, 60
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

OXFORD. I thought no less : it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

SOMERSET. But he 's deceiv'd ; we are in readiness.

QUEEN MARGARET. This cheers my heart to see your forwardness. 65

OXFORD. Here pitch our battle ; hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and Forces.

KING EDWARD. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night. c 69
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out :
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords. 72

QUEEN MARGARET. Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what I should say
My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this : Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd, 77
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80
You fight in justice : then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Excunt both armies.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Same.

Alarums : Excursions : and afterwards a retreat. Then enter
KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and Forces ; with
QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

KING EDWARD. Now, here a period of tumultuous
broils.

Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight :
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak. 4
OXFORD. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
words.

SOMERSET. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my
fortune.

[Excunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.

QUEEN MARGARET. So part we sadly in this troublous world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. 8

KING EDWARD. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

GLOUCESTER. It is : and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

KING EDWARD. Bring forth the gallant : let us hear him speak. 12

What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ? 16

PRINCE. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York !

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth :

Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 20

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

QUEEN MARGARET. Ah ! that thy father had been so resolv'd.

GLOUCESTER. That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster. 24

PRINCE. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night ;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

GLOUCESTER. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

QUEEN MARGARET. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men. 28

GLOUCESTER. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

PRINCE. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

KING EDWARD. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue. 32

CLARENCE. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

PRINCE. I know my duty ; you are all undutiful :
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are ; 36
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

KING EDWARD. Take that, the likeness of this railer
here. [Stabs him.

GLOUCESTER. Sprawl'st thou ? take that, to end thy
agony. [Stabs him.

CLARENCE. And there's for twitting me with per-
jury. [Stabs him.

QUEEN MARGARET. O, kill me too ! 41

GLOUCESTER. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.

KING EDWARD. Hold, Richard, hold ! for we have
done too much.

GLOUCESTER. Why should she live, to fill the world
with words ? 44

KING EDWARD. What ! doth she swoon ? use means
for her recovery.

GLOUCESTER. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my
brother ;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter :
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news. 48

CLARENCE. What ? what ?

GLOUCESTER. The Tower ! the Tower ! [Exit.

QUEEN MARGARET. O Ned, sweet Ned ! speak to thy
mother, boy !

Canst thou not speak ? O traitors ! murderers ! 52

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it :

He was a man ; this, in respect, a child ; 56

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it ?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak :

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60

Butchers and villains ! bloody cannibals !

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !

You have no children, butchers ! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse ;

But if you ever chance to have a child, 65
Look in his youth to have him so cut off
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young
prince !

KING EDWARD. Away with her ! go, bear her hence
perforce. 68

QUEEN MARGARET. Nay, never bear me hence, dis-
patch me here :

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What ! wilt thou not ? then, Clarence, do it
thou.

CLARENCE. By heaven, I will not do thee so much
ease. 72

QUEEN MARGARET. Good Clarence, do ; sweet
Clarence, do thou do it.

CLARENCE. Didst thou not hear me swear I would
not do it ?

QUEEN MARGARET. Ay, but thou usest to forswear
thyself :

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity. 76

What ! wilt thou not ? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard ? Richard, where art thou ?

Thou art not here ; murder is thy alms-deed ;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

KING EDWARD. Away, I say ! I charge ye, bear her
hence.

QUEEN MARGARET. So come to you and yours, as to
this prince ! [Exit, led out forcibly.

KING EDWARD. Where's Richard gone ?

CLARENCE. To London, all in post ; and, as I
guess, 84

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

KING EDWARD. He's sudden if a thing comes in
his head.

Now march we hence : discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London 88
And see our gentle queen how well she fares ;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER. Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?

KING HENRY. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:

'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike, 4
And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord'.

GLOUCESTER. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [Exit Lieutenant.

KING HENRY. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece, 8

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

GLOUCESTER. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer. 12

KING HENRY. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye 16

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

GLOUCESTER. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl!

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. 20

KING HENRY. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea, 24

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point

Than can my ears that tragic history. 28

But wherefore dost thou come ? is 't for my life ?

GLOUCESTER. Think'st thou I am an executioner ?

KING HENRY. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art :
If murdering innocents be executing, 32
Why, then thou art an executioner,

GLOUCESTER. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

KING HENRY. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first
thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine. 36

And thus I prophesy : that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye, 40

Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign ; 44

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time ;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees !

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung. 48

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope ;

To wit, an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. 52

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,

To signify thou camest to bite the world :

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou camest— 56

GLOUCESTER. I'll hear no more : die, prophet, in thy
speech : [Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

KING HENRY. Ay, and for much more slaughter after
this. 59

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [Dies.

GLOUCESTER. What ! will the aspiring blood of Lan-
caster

Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !

O ! may such purple tears be always shed 64

From those that wish the downfall of our house.
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee thither,

[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. 68

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of ;

For I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste, 72

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried •

' O ! Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth.'

And so I was ; which plainly signified 76

That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother ; 80

And this word ' love ', which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another

And not in me : I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light : 84

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee ;

For I will buzz abroad such prophecies

That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death. 88

King Henry and the prince his son are gone :

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,

Counting myself but bad till I be best.

I'll throw thy body in another room, 92

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit, with the body.

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

KING EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne : QUEEN ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and Others, near him.

KING EDWARD. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride ! 4
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions ;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son ;
And two Northumberlands : two braver men 8
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound ;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd. 12
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee thine uncles and myself 16
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night ;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. 20

GLOUCESTER. [Aside.] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid ;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave ;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back : 24
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

KING EDWARD. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen ;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLARENCE. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. 29

KING EDWARD. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks.

GLOUCESTER. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. 32

[Aside.] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried 'all hail' when as he meant all harm.

KING EDWARD. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves. 36

410 KING HENRY THE SIXTH [ACT V, SC. VII

CLARENCE. What will your Grace have done with
Margaret ?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom. 40

KING EDWARD. Away with her, and waft her hence
to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court ? 44
Sound, drums and trumpets ! farewell, sour Annoy !
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt.

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